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Nichols

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

JANUARY ON THE FARM.

Here we are again, face to face with the realities of another new year. By common consent, almost by instinct, we have come to regard this season as a sort of epoch from which to take a new start in life, and it naturally brings with it its own peculiar reflections which must arise in the mind of every sensible and thinking man. Without indulging in any of the commonplaces which are everywhere thrust, as it were, into our faces, at this season of the year, it may be in keeping with the occasion to say that it is a part of the duty which every man owes to himself and to his family, to straighten out those little accounts with the outside world, with the neighbors, the butcher, the grocer, and with all others with whom there have been dealings on the principle of open and running accounts.

It is too often the case, especially in the country, that these little bills are allowed to run on year after year, without being adjusted. In many cases they are kept very loosely, and when a man dies, they are often found complicated and mixed up so as to cause great difficulty to those who are called upon to settle up estates. Every man ought to regard it as a sacred duty, therefore, as often at least as once a year, to make up his accounts and put them into such a shape, that in case of his sudden removal, they will at any rate be understood by those who come after him. And this ought to be done whether the money is in hand to pay off and settle up or not. It certainly does no harm to square up accounts and see where you stand, even if the account must still run on, though undoubtedly it is far better as a general rule to pay as you go. But even if this cannot be done, it ought not to deter any one from investigating the condition of things and having a full and clear understanding with all persons with whom these open accounts exist.

The very existence of a systematic habit of this kind imparts confidence to those with whom you deal, and confidence is the source of all kindly and neighborly feeling. We regard the keeping of accounts as a matter of personal duty which no man has a right to neglect, no man especially who has a family or other individuals in any way dependent upon him. Of course a systematic and business like set of accounts is desirable, but if this seems too formidable a little pocket memorandam book is vastly better than nothing, and this is certainly within the easy reach of every farmer and of every reader of the *Ploughman*. It is often astonishing how much useful information a simple diary kept very easily in the form of a cheap memorandom book is capable of affording, and no one who has once tried it fairly and found how simple and easy it is to follow it up, will be willing to neglect it. Such a pocket diary can be had of any bookseller, and there are interleaved copies of the Old Farmer's Almanac that are exceedingly convenient for this purpose.

The pressing duties of this season consist chiefly in the careful attention to stock and the chores about the house and the woodpile. All cattle need to be fed regularly, and do better in the barn than in the yard most of the time. On mild days a few hours in the yard will give them exercise and opportunity to drink while their stalls are cleaned out and put in order. For cows in milk, good sweet early cut English hay constitutes the basis of the feeding, but a few roots, either turnips, carrots, parsnips or potatoes, make a very desirable addition. They help keep the animal in good health and appetite, a very important thing for milch cows. A good feeding of moistened food once a day increases the flow of milk. The coarser qualities of hay, and some straw or corn stover may be cut and mixed and thoroughly moistened with hot water, will be rendered more succulent and nutritive and partake more of the character of green grass. Some shorts added to this preparation will greatly improve it. At the present prices of corn and meal as compared with hay, it is good economy to feed some grain to dairy stock. There is probably little need of any caution against over feeding. Few farmers among us are open to that criticism. Our most prevailing mistake is too low feeding rather than too high.

We could never understand why linseed oil meal is so little used and appreciated by farmers in this country. It is shipped in large quantities to England and sold to farmers at a high cost and fed by them to great advantage and profit, and it passes directly by our doors on its way and of course could be stopped and used by us at a less price than the English farmer pays for it. If it is good economy for a farmer three thousand miles off, why is it not for us to buy and use it? A Bavarian farmer has found by experience and careful observation, that heifers fed for three months before calving with a little linseed cake, in addition to their other fodder, acquire a larger developement of the milk vessels or mammary glands, and yield more milk afterwards, than similar animals fed as usual. We have never seen the experiment tried and so we cannot speak from experience on this point, but it seems reasonable enough and we incline to think it is correct.

A frequent change of food is very important for stock at this season of the year, both as contributing to the general health of animals and stimulating the digestive organs. This is why a little cut food each day is so useful for dairy stock. It gives an opportunity to add some sort of concentrated food with the coarser materials, when the complete assimilation of the whole is better secured.

The most common mode of feeding at this season of the year, is hay alone, and often very poor hay at that. Now we think that even if cows are not in milk, the difference in feeding should be rather in the quantity than the quality, if we expect to get the highest yield of milk the following season. Study therefore to secure some change and variety from time to time and cater a little to the appetite of the stock.

Those who are fortunate enough to have a good barn cellar will find useful occupation in applying absorbents and forking over the coarse manures of the cattle and horses. A day or two spent in attention to the preparation of manures, may be made as valuable to the farm as a day in summer. A farmer ought to try to increase and improve the quality of the manure heap in every possible way.

Poultry, too, ought to be carefully looked after at this season and fed. Indeed there is no time of the year when live stock of every description is so completely dependent upon us as just now in mid winter. The animals of the farm are wholly under our control at this season, and we ought to give them a large share of our thought and our time, to study their comfort in every way, and we may be sure that in so doing we are, at the same time, striving to promote our own interest and welfare.

PORK AN A BUSHEL OF CORN.

We alluded to this subject last week in reply to a question of one of our correspondents, and intimated that we might refer to it again in the *Ploughman*. We pointed out the difficulties of the subject, and the many sources of possible error arising from the quality of the corn, the fineness with which it is ground, the method of feeding, either raw or cooked, the difference in the fattening capacities of pigs, owing to peculiarities of disposition, &c. It is very easy to see that the difficulties of arriving at a perfectly satisfactory answer to our friend's queries, are neither few nor small. Still, the experience of others is worth something and may safely be taken as some general guide.

One farmer, who made an effort to satisfy himself on the question as to the quantity of Indian meal it required to make a pound of pork, weighed off two hogs a year and a half old, and three pigs six months old, on the 1st day of September, then measured off old corn accurately, and had it ground. Every night he wet in boiling water meal enough for the next day's use, to such a consistency that it would run readily. The hogs had no slops from the house and nothing but the meal and water. On the 1st of December they were killed, and five cents a pound was deducted for what they weighed on the 1st of September, when the trial began, and he found that allowing six cents a pound for the pork which they actually laid on in the trial, they had paid 98 cents per bushel for the corn, which gave him just about 16 2-3 lbs. of pork to the bushel. Another farmer weighed a thrifty pig, five months old, 150 pounds, and then fed 56 pounds of corn meal mixed with hot water thin enough for hasty pudding. This bushel of meal was consumed by the pig in six and a half days and the gain was just eighteen pounds. Another farmer put up a part Suffolk sow to fatten. Her weight was 235 pounds. From October 4th, November 17th, he fed her ten bushels, or 560 pounds of marketable corn, and killed her at the latter date. Her live weight just before she was killed was 413 pounds, or an increase from the ten bushels of corn of 118 pounds of pork, being a slight fraction over 4 1-2 pounds of corn to one pound of pork, or a fraction less than 12 pounds of pork from a bushel of corn, an increase per day a little less than 2 3-4 pounds. The price of corn at that time in his neighborhood was 70 cents a bushel, so that the pork cost him over 7 cents a pound and he just barely got out of it whole, after allowing for shrinkage.

We could multiply such experiments to an indefinite extent, but the results will not differ materially from the above, where the conditions are similar. Probably, taking all the accurate trials together, the general average would be about 10 1-2 pounds of pork to a bushel of corn of 56 pounds, and from this it is fair to deduct about one-fifth to get at the net weight, leaving, say about 8 2-5 or 8.40 pounds of pork as the average net result of the judicious feeding of a bushel of corn, or one pound of pork from 6 2-3 pounds of corn uncooked. The lowest amount of cooked corn meal is stated at 3 4-5 pounds to a pound of pork, which is not far from what we stated it last week.

Now taking all these experiments, and we could easily show the relation which the price of corn bears to that of pork, by showing the price of pork *per pound*, at different prices per psabel for corn. If corn were 12 1-2 cents a bushel, pork would cost a cent and a half per pound, and in that proportion throughout, or giving it in decimals, we have

Corn per bush. in cents.	Pork per lb. in cents.	Corn per bush. cents.	Pork per lb cents.
12½	1.5	36	4.32
15	1.78	40	4.76
17	2.	42	5.
20	2.38	45	5.35
22	2.62	47	5.62
25	2.97	50	6.04
30	3.57	60	7.14
32	3.96	66	7.74
35	4.	70	8.33

With corn at 50 cents per bushel, just about the necessary cost of raising it in New England, according to Dr. Nichols and Mr. Johnson, pork will cost 5 95-100 cents per pound. If corn costs seventy cents per bushel, the pork will cost 8 36-100 cents a pound to produce, and so on. But there are many who cannot raise corn at fifty cents a bushel, and many who cannot raise it for 70 cents, though Dr. Nichols testified before the State Board of Agriculture at Fall River, a short time ago, that his corn had cost him on an average but 45 cents a bushel to raise, and Mr. Johnson, of Framingham, raised it the past summer, at a cost of 43 cents and a fraction per bushel. If the corn costs more than this the pork will cost more. If corn is selling at 50 cents a bushel and pork will bring but 5 cents a pound, you had better sell the corn than to feed it out in large quantities.

By reversing the table, you have, of course, the value of corn per bushel at different prices per pound for pork, the corn to be used in feeding for the production of pork; and to find what the price of pork should be per pound, taking the price of corn as the basis of calculation, you divide the price of a bushel of corn by 8.40, the number of pounds of pork produced by a bushel of corn, as we have seen, and the quotient will be the answer. If, for example, corn is 70 cents, divide it by 8.40, and you have 8.33 cents. And so to find what the price of corn should be when pork is selling at a certain price per pound, you multiply the price of a pound of pork by 8.40 and the product will be the answer. Suppose pork is selling at 10 cents a pound, what should be the price of corn used to feed out in its production? you multiply the 10 cents by 8.40, the average number of pounds of pork, made by a bushel of corn, and you have 84 cents as the corresponding price of corn.

Now these figures, as we have already shown, may not be absolutely correct, but they may furnish some guide for calculation.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

SAVING MANURE.

The farmers who make the least headway in their work as well as in their pockets are those who do not save their manures. I took a trip this summer, with my horse, round through the neighboring towns to see how agriculture was prospering. I find as a universal rule that the majority of farmers save not more than one-eighth of their manure. To begin with, the barns are all built on the same principle, which is to have the barn floor in the middle, mow on one side, and tie-up on the other. I have no objection to this plan for a barn, but not one in one hundred has a cellar under it, or a projecting roof to keep the manure from being washed away. More than half of the barns could be built with cellars, which would be found to be the best place for manures, and also a good place to store carts, ploughs and harrows. But I said only one-eighth of the manure was saved. Throughout the towns I visited, the farmers made no account of the liquid manure, so that is half gone. One-half of the solid is dropped in the pasture, which is dried up by the scorching sun, and may as well be put down as wasted. The rest of the solid manure is made through the winter and thrown out through a window into heaps by the side of the barn, where every time it rains, or the snow melts, half of what is saved is washed away. I noticed that the boards on the bottom part of the barn were rotten after years of such usage, and only a few years did it take to have the sills all giving way. I went into one of the farmer's barns and asked his boy if any muck was thrown under the cattle. His reply was, no. These farmers I have spoken of buy large quantities of super phosphate, which costs them sixty dollars a ton there, and if they only saved their liquid manure I would rather have it than the same value in phosphate. I would like to have abler hands write on this subject for it needs it. C.

IRON CASTING.

The first casting of iron in America is believed to have been done about 1642-3, at the iron works in Lynn, by Joseph Jenks, who is referred to in "Lewis's History of Lynn," "as having come from Hammersmith, in England, and being a machinist, and a man of great genius, who made the dies for coining the first money," (the old pine tree shilling, &c.,) "built the first fire engine, and took out several patents for improvements in mills and iron works. "He deserves," says Lewis, "to be held in everlasting remembrance in American history, as being the first founder, 'who worked in brass and iron' on the western continent. By his hands the first models were made, and the first castings taken of many domestic implements and iron tools." "Thomas Hudson, of the same family with the celebrated Hendrick Hudson, was the first proprietor of the lands on Saugus River, where the iron foundry stood."

"THE KEY-NOTE."

We must raise larger crops; and to do this we must raise them less frequently. This is the key-note of the coming improved system of American agriculture in all setions where good land is worth less than $100 per acre. In the neighborhood of large cities, and wherever land commands a high price, we must keep our farms in a high state of fertility by the purchase of manures or cattle food. Those of us in the interior, where we cannot buy manure, must raise fewer grain crops and more clover. We must aim to raise forty bushels of wheat, fifty bushels of barley, eighty bushels of oats, and one hundred bushels of shelled corn and five bushels of clover-seed per acre. That this can be done on good, well-drained land, from the unaided resources of the farm, I have no doubt. It may give us no more grain to sell than at present, but it will enable us to produce much more mutton, wool, beef, cheese, butter, and pork than at present. "But, then, will there be a demand for the meat, wool, &c?" The present indications are highly favorable. But we must aim to raise good meat. The low-priced beef and mutton sold in our markets is as profitable to the consumer as it is to the producer. We must feed higher, and to do this to advantage we must have improved stock. There is no profit in farming without good tillage, larger crops, improved stock, and higher feeding.—*Joseph Harris.*

CARE OF HORSES' LEGS.

Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing, and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally are terribly severe on the feet and legs of horses; and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.—*North British Agriculturist.*

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

BY C. P. PRESTON, SECRETARY.

"A meeting of farmers and others, inhabitants of the county of Essex, Mass.," was held at Cyrus Cumming's tavern, in Topsfield, on Monday, February 16th, 1818, for the purpose of forming an Agricultural Society for the county of Essex.

Ichabod Tucker, of Salem, was chosen "Moderator" of the meeting, David Cummins, of Salem, Secretary, and these two gentlemen, both lawyers as well as landholders, together with Paul Kent, John Adams, and Elisha Mack, were appointed a committee to report a plan of organization for the Society.

This was done, and Timothy Pickering was chosen President.

The first Vice Presidents were William Bartlett, Thomas Kittredge, John Heard and Ichabod Tucker.

The first Secretary was Leverett Saltonstall, and first Treasurer, Nehemiah Cleaveland.

Following Timothy Pickering, as President, are Frederick Howes, of Salem; Ebenezer Moseley, of Newburyport; James H. Duncan, of Haverhill; Joseph Kittredge, of Andover; Leverett Saltonstall, of Salem; John W. Proctor, of Danvers; Moses Newell, of West Newbury; Daniel Adams, of Newbury; Richard S. Fay, of Lynn; Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton; Joseph How, of Methuen, and William Sutton, of Peabody.

The Treasurers have been Nehemiah Cleaveland, of Topsfield; Ichabod Tucker, of Salem; Daniel A. White, of Salem; Benjamin R. Nichols, of Salem; Benjamin Merrill, of Salem; Andrew Nichols, of Danvers; William Sutton, of Peabody, and Edward H. Payson, of Salem.

Secretaries.—Leverett Saltonstall, of Salem; David Cummins, of Salem; Frederick Howes, of Salem; John W. Proctor, of Danvers; Daniel P. King, of Danvers; Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton, and Charles P. Preston, of Danvers.

During the existence of the Society, more than thirty thousand dollars have been distributed in premiums, ranging from two hundred to one thousand dollars in a year.

Nearly fifty annual volumes of reports have been issued, most of them containing much matter of interest and value to farmers.

The funds of the Society amount to over fourteen thousand dollars, in addition to which is a farm in Topsfield, valued at eight thousand dollars.

The Society numbers over twelve hundred members, every town in the county being represented in its membership, and nearly every one in its Board of Trustees.

The addresses before the Society have been delivered annually by residents of the county of Essex, and have been printed in the volumes of Transactions.

The following gentlemen have addressed the Society:

Timothy Pickering, Andrew Nichols, Rev. Abiel Abbott, Rev. Peter Eaton, Frederick Howes, James H. Duncan, Rev. Henry Coleman, Rev. Gardner B. Perry, Jeremiah Spofford, Ebenezer Moseley, Daniel P. King, Nathan W. Hazen, Rev. Nathaniel Gage, Rev. Leonard Withington, Rev. Allen Putnam, Asahel Huntington, Alonzo Gray, Allen W. Dodge, Leverett Saltonstall, John W. Proctor, Rev. Edwin M. Stone, Moses Newell, Thomas E. Payson, Josiah Newhall, Asa T. Newhall, Caleb Cushing, Rev. Milton P. Braman, Henry K. Oliver, Joseph S. Cabot, Richard S. Fay, James R. Nichols, Ben. Perley Poore, E. G. Kelley, George B. Loring, J. J. H. Gregory, Rev. John L. Russell, Alfred A. Abbott, George J. L. Colby, Daniel Saunders, Jr., Darwin E. Ware, Nehemiah Cleveland, Otis P. Lord, Rev. R. H. Seeley, Benjamin P. Ware, Benjamin F. Butler, and Joseph S. Howe.

This Society, unlike most others, has held its shows alternately in several of the larger towns, generally two successive years in each, and as a consequence, it has not been found necessary to organize other societies in the county. This plan has the sanction of a large majority of our best farmers and members, after a careful investigation and full report by a committee, of which Dr. George B. Loring was chairman, in which they express the belief that such a course will best promote the interests of the Society and of the agriculture of the county; and it also has the indorsement of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

The exhibitions have been well attended by all classes of citizens from every part of the county, and have been generally pronounced successful.

The examples of such men as Pickering, Saltonstall, King, and others of that day, must have had a beneficial effect on the agriculture of the county, introducing better methods of farming; the use of improved implements; investigations into the questions of improvement in cattle and other farm stock; the crops best adapted to the soil, and the demands of the markets in the vicinity. And we have certain knowledge that the rapid advances in improved methods of cultivating the soil were made at that time. That such improvements have continued to the present time, no one will doubt, and that the success which has attended the cultivation of root crops, especially in this county, is owing in considerable measure to the experiments reported by this Society, and the suggestions made in its reports, attracting the attention of cultivators to the profits to be derived from these crops, is apparent.

In a paper published by the trustees in 1819, the following occurs: "The claims of premiums for carrots, mangel wurtsels, and ruta bagas, are postponed to the year 1821, that our farmers may have time to procure the seeds of those plants, and in 1820, make trials of them on a small scale, preparatory to their entering largely on their cultivation in the year 1821. For the trustees are satisfied that no roots equally deserve their attention for all kinds of stock,—horses, cattle, sheep and swine; the mangel wurtzels for November and December, to be succeeded by carrots, and these by ruta bagas, until the pastures are well grown in May."

An examination of the Transactions issued nearly every year since the formation of the Society, will disclose the fact that a great deal of valuable matter is contained in the reports, statements and addresses to be found therein, and when we consider that an average of nearly one thousand copies of these Transactions have been yearly distributed we cannot doubt that the agricultural community must have derived much benefit from this source.

The expense of printing these volumes must have been nearly or quite equal to all that has been received from the State in the shape of bounty.

The Society has also offered premiums to encourage the introduction of horse mowers and other harvesting machines by the offer of liberal premiums, and public trials to test the merits of the several machines.

In the year 1855, a committee consisting of Messrs. J. W. Proctor, Jas. H. Duncan, Moses Newell, J. How, E. S. Williams, R. P. Waters, and William Sutton, held trials of mowers in competition for premiums on the farm of Dr. G. B. Loring, and also on that of Col. Moses Newell. Eight entries were made, and a full report of the results appears in the Volume of Transactions for 1855, together with statements of competitors.

For the following estimate of the benefits which have been derived from this Society, the writer is indebted to one of its members, who is eminently qualified to judge, *Dr. George B. Loring.* An interesting address delivered by the same gentleman on the fiftieth anniversary, giving an historical sketch of the Society, will be found published in the Transactions for the year 1868.

The influence of the Essex Agricultural Society on the farming of the county, has been useful and striking. There were many good farmers among us before the Society was organized, men whose names are to be found in every record of successful agriculture, in the early years of the present century; and it was through their agency that the Society was formed. The object which they had in view was the diffusion of agricultural knowledge throughout the county, and the stimulus of good example to elevate the practical farming of their day up to a high standard. It was because they were good farmers themselves that they desired to be surrounded by intelligent and profitable farming in the community in which they lived.

There are many facts which go to prove that the Society began to exert a beneficial influence upon the agriculture of the county immediately on its formation. The investigations which were made and recorded attracted much attention; and the views advanced in the Annual Transactions were topics of much discussion. On all questions relating to ploughing, the cultivation of corn, the management of orchards, the care of the dairy, the breeding and feeding of cattle, the growing of root crops, the use of fertilizers, the care of grass and pasture lands, there was much written and there was much read. And the result of all this intellectual effort soon became apparent. Some of the best crops of corn, potatoes, small grain, mangel wurtzels and Swedes, were raised during the first decade of the Society's existence. The crops of hay were brought to a high degree of perfection. The use of improved implements of husbandry became more and more general, and the rivalry between farmers roused all agricultural effort to a high degree of activity.

In many portions of the county this vigorous effort has continued; and as the manufacturing and mechanical enterprise of the county has increased, the most careful and profitable cultivation has been pursued with great activity. That the sagacity of the farmer has had much to do with this there can be no doubt. But the associated effort of the Society has also done its share in keeping the spirit of agricultural investigation up to the growing demands of markets for agricultural products.

The introduction of improvements in crops and animals into the county has been encouraged in every way by the Society, and the results are everywhere manifest. The earliest importations of Alderneys commenced with our members; and the Ayrshires of Essex county had become well known almost before they had been introduced elsewhere. And, although the breeding of cattle has considerably declined during the last few years, it is gratifying to witness the zeal and judgment with which the younger members of the Society select choice animals and increase their herds. It is probable that never has there been so large a number of valuable animals among us as at this time. The same may be said of crops and experiments in agriculture. Hardly a process of farming of any value has failed to be tested here. Thorough drainage has long been in vogue, and has been applied with the best skill. The value of drained muck meadows has been carefully ascertained. The renovation of exhausted and worn out lands has been pursued with great avidity. The manufacture of fertilizers from commodities within the reach of every farmer has been largely adopted. The cultivation of garden crops has been brought to a high degree of perfection. The growing of seeds and special crops of every description is now an important branch of business in the county, and the aggregate value of crops is constantly increasing.

That much of this is due to the Society there can be no doubt. Connected as it has been with other associations of a similar nature, it has not only furnished its share of the general exploration going on in the community, but it has brought to the door of every farmer the results of profitable agriculture elsewhere. It has done much to keep the industry to which it is devoted up to the standard of all modern improvement, and to encourage in every way the prosperity which attends upon a well defined system of husbandry. The farmers and horticulturists of Essex county have much to be grateful for in the results of the long and persistent endeavors of those who have guided the councils of this association, which has enrolled among its members the names of many who have led in these various branches, and who have made the farms and gardens of the county distinguished as models.

FIRE BLIGHT IN PEARS.

The Report of the Department of Agriculture says:—The fire-blight in pear trees has been very severe this season on clay soils in Lucas county, Ohio. On sandy soils, which are slightly mixed with rotten or decomposed iron ore, they have almost entirely escaped. Query: It is not a deficiency in iron in the soil which occasions the disease.

Correspondence.

THE NAIL AND THE SCREW.

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have become a farmer, if living upon a farm which I own will make me such. Among my purchases of carriages, tools and implements are some of them representatives of the olden times of at least half a century. I will not be quite sure as to the time, because many and indeed most of the present improved implements have been invented within a rather recent period. But it is certain that some of the articles in my possession are sufficiently old to have needed repairs before my ownership of them. In making the needed repairs the nail has invariably been made use of instead of the screw.

The iron nail is an old fogy instrument which may answer the mechanical purpose of holding quiet things in their places, but the screw is an instrument of force and its elements of the mechanical powers adapt it eminently to the activities of progression. The modern gimlet-pointed screw is fitted, as the nail can never be, to all uses in wood work, where one wishes to secure a strong hold in a limited space. By forcing the screw home through the whole length of its spiral thread, a result is secured of tenacious power against which the simple, tapering iron nail with its liability to be strained or shaken from its position is very feeble. The superiority of the screw over the nail is too great to be overlooked.

But some men, and there are too many such, invariably make use of the nail instead of the screw, even in the repair of their travelling vehicles. There ought to be a universal protest against the employment of the stupid nail for these active purposes instead of the progressive and firm holding screw, which seems to possess a wise intelligence that something of importance is demanded of it, and for which it is well adapted.

In view of these statements, there ought to be a practical pride among farmers, to keep themselves fully supplied with the varieties of screws usually required for farm repairs, and with the necessary tools for their convenient use.

May we not seek a suggestive moral?

When a farmer shaves his lean mowing fields closely, and then turns his cattle upon them to feed until Christmas, is he not making use of a nail instead of a screw?

When a farmer keeps his cattle through the winter on meadow hay, and not too much of that, he is making use of a nail, instead of a screw.

When a man makes a bargain of several important points involving specific sums of money to be paid, and trusts to memory rather than to a written statement, or contract, he makes use of a nail instead of a screw.

When a poor family is given money to buy food and clothing, and spends it in the purchase of a family group picture, it makes use of a nail instead of a screw.

In all the affairs of practical life, it may well be the effort of each and all, to avoid the use of the nail instead of the screw. J. S. S.

QUARTS OF MILK TO A POUND OF BUTTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I see there is an article in the *Ploughman* of last week, as to how many quarts of milk it takes for a pound of butter. I have a cow one-half Devon, one-half native, which I feed on meadow hay with four quarts of corn meal per day, that being all her feed, and from fifteen quarts of milk was churned two pounds of nice butter. The cow has been milked nearly two years, and in June she will give her seven pounds of butter per week with no extra feed. As Mr. Appleton's cows were imported, I thought this statement due to our native stock.

P. S. CALL.

Windham, N. H.

Horticulture.

BEET SUGAR.

The *Pacific Rural Press* says: "The Alvarado Beet Co. have commenced digging the second crop of beets, and the work of sugar making from the native product is now well under way again. The supply of beets will this year reach 800 tons (16 tons to the acre). The juice has been tested and found to yield most satisfactorily. The amount of sugar made last year was only 500,000 pounds. This year it is expected to reach 1,125,000. This will occupy the mill about five months; the balance of the year will be occupied in refining imported sugar."

There must be some mistake here; probably 8,000 tons is what is meant, which at a trifle less than seven per cent. would give the estimated number of pounds of sugar it is expected to reach, and would also enable the mill to work about fifty tons per day for five months. It is gratifying to know that the prospect is so encouraging. The same journal further says:

"The Sacramento Beet Sugar Co., according to the *Union*, has, after much delay, received their new machinery, which will soon be ready for operation. The company expects to realize about 4,000 tons of beets this year, which will be worked at their mill, which, under present auspices, will undoubtedly prove a success. When once the mill is in successful operation, the farmers in the neighborhood will keep it well supplied with raw material."

The Beet Sugar Co., at Black Hawk, Wisconsin, are also turning out about ten barrels of good white sugar per day, and expect to realize fifteen barrels a day when they get their additional machinery in place. We hope soon to be able to chronicle successes in other portions of the country. We think that all that is wanted to secure success in this enterprise is proper attention to soil, climate, and practical business tact in its management. It is certainly gratifying to know that the mistakes heretofore made in this industry are being rapidly overcome.

PUMPKINS AMONG CORN.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: Corn, as we all know, is a warm climate production, and needs all the warmth of the sun it can get. Where the land is rich, pumpkin vines will almost cover the ground, and consequently the sun's rays cannot shine on and warm the ground, which is so necessary to a good growth of corn. This year by way of experiment, I ploughed up four acres of moderately rich land, and planted two acres in corn and pumpkins in the usual way, and the rest half corn and pumpkins separate. The first grew well until the vines began to run, and then it seemed almost to stand still, the stalks were large enough, but it did not ear well, while that without the pumpkins was the best piece of corn in the neighborhood. About two-thirds was good for seed, while there were more than enough pumpkins to pay for the extra land.

STORING CELERY.

We pursue two modes and find both to answer well. The first is to remove the trench spade deep, stand up a row or patches singly, then three inches of soil, then another row, and so on until about half a dozen rows are finished, when commence another bed, and so on. The soil should be packed in firmly and then banked up, so that the tops of the celery are just covered. Then spank off roof fashion to turn the rain. Over this two wide boards, nailed together, should be placed, as a security against moisture, or straw can be bent over and secured at the bottom with bean poles. Celery put away carefully ought to keep till May. For remember it is moisture, not frost, as some say, that rots celery. Frost adds to its tenderness.

Another plan is to sink barrels into the earth so that the tops are two or three inches below the surface, then stand them compactly full of celery, without any soil, put tight covers upon them, so as to exclude all moisture, and then a couple inches of soil.

For early consumption—that is to say in December and January—it can be preserved in the rows where it is grown.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Stable.

THE WASTE AND FOLLY OF COLD BARNS.

And what showing would the cost of winter feed of his animals make on the account book, if the farmer keeps one? He would find that a large portion of his feed had become dissipated in the frozen air of the north winds; that a good portion of hay or corn had gone to melt ice or snow and evaporate cold rain water, and that what was left after these things had been done, has barely sufficed to keep life in his beasts. For in this case philosophy or science, or book knowledge, call it what you will, is thoroughly corroborated by practice.

If two beasts are fed alike, except that one is kept well stabled and the other out of doors exposed to the cold, the one thus exposed will consume just double the amount that the other will, and will be in worse condition beside. Every man who keeps a cow knows this to some extent, though he may not know the exact figures. Here we give them—they are the result of a careful experiment made by a trustworthy feeder, viz: Two lots of sheep (of five each) were selected, of equal weights and conditions. One lot was kept out of doors and unsheltered, the other kept in a close pen. The lot under shelter ate 1,912 pounds of turnips against 880 pounds eaten by the other lot. The gain in weight was twenty-three pounds per head in the first lot and twenty-eight pounds per head in the second. The profit can be figured out by any man who knows what turnips and mutton are worth. Had not the feeding been abundant some of the exposed sheep would have died. And yet sheep will stand more exposure than calves or heifers, or even full grown cattle. Notwithstanding all this, every winter's day one may see young calves humped up and stiffened with cold, shaking in the keen breeze, and their owners knowing at the same time that a year's growth is frozen out of them. This comes of not figuring up profit and loss.—*American Agriculturist.*

CORN-COB MEAL.

An Indiana farmer, writing to the *Germantown Telegraph*, says: About twelve years ago nearly all the farmers in this part of the State bought "corn and cob crushers," and expected to fatten their stock on the chops which the machine made. The crusher performed its part well enough, but the trouble was that the ignorant cows would not eat the meal, and finally could not be coaxed into the stable as long as there was a sign of the meal there, while the hogs left their pens and took refuge in the woods! We finally concluded that cob-meal was only valuable as a substitute for saw-dust. I have heard agreat many "book farmers" argue in favor of grinding up the cobs with the corn, but after trying it they invariably gave up the idea that there was any food in the cobs. If any one has a desire to try the experiment, let him grind the cobs alone, and see if he can induce any of his stock to eat it. That will convince him that cobs as food are entirely worthless.

LARGE FARMS.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* gives the following, among other arguments, to prove that large farms are relatively more profitable than small ones: It is estimated that five per cent. of the wear of mowing machines in New England comes from turning corners, ten per cent. from natural decay, and ten per cent. from lack of skill, experience and care in the operators and teams—all of which would be largely obviated by increasing the size of the farms so as to employ the machine, the team and the operator constantly from the beginning to the end of the season. There is also economy in housing and feeding large herds of animals over smaller ones, and in fact, the arguments, theoretically, are almost all in favor of the large farm.

Stock Department.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

Hatching chickens by artificial means, and poultry on a large scale, are the staple problems of poultry keeping. The former has not been successful enough yet to be practical. A few handfulls of corn fed as fuel for sitting fever will keep eggs warm better than any lamp that requires trimming and watching.—Incubators are excellent anythings, and rank with aquaria, house plants and songsters. Chickens can be hatched artificially, and reared also without a hen. But we have to learn of a single instance where apparatus for artificial hatching has been successfully employed in raising fowls for market. Every year almost some improvement is announced which trials do not justify.—*Ohio Farmer.*

WINTER CARE OF SHEEP.

Sheep are looking up. The tide has turned. But unless sheep are to be taken up as a permanent part of the farm stock, and proper care and attention given to them, it would be better for the farmer to let them alone. Sheep properly cared for, are the most profitable and least troublesome farm stock; but if neglected and improperly managed, none so soon become out of condition and become diseased and die. "Coddling" is the most hurtful thing. With good feed a flock of sheep would do better to lie out of doors in the snow the whole winter, than to be kept in a close, warm stable. Running at the nose and lung disease will surely follow too close penning up. Unless the weather is stormy, or the ewes with lamb are near their time, they should be turned into a field every day. They should have fresh water (access to a spring is best) at least once every day. It is a mistake to suppose that sheep will thrive with snow for drink, and yet many flocks are permitted thus to quench their thirst every day through the winter. Clover hay is the best standard feed, with half a pint of oats, rye, or buckwheat daily. Sheep do better with a little change in their feed occasionally. Salt, in which a fourth part of sulphur is mingled, should be placed where they can always have access to it. Cornstalks may do as a coarse feed to pick amongst, but as a standard feed it does not seem palatable enough for them. They will live on it but do not thrive. Separate the flock into at least two portions. The lambs, and in-lamb ewes which may be weakly, should, at all events, be taken from the strong, hearty ewes, wethers, and bucks, and keep the wethers away entirely, and thus make three divisions. Guard against dogs, which, at this season, are more than ever mischievous. If a dog is kept on the farm, let him be well acquainted with the flock and they with him. Above all things, be patient, quiet, attentive, and exactly regular in feeding and watering, not overfeeding nor stinting the flesh, but, having found the right way, persevere therein, and do not swerve one way or the other from it. One cannot neglect his sheep one day and make up by extra care the next.—*American Agriculturist.*

BREEDING SWINE.

Pork is low in price just now. There is no doubt of the fact, and many farmers are asking the question, will it pay to feed pigs under the circumstances? To which we answer, it depends upon the price of corn. Pound for pound, pork is as high now as beef, or even mutton, and it certainly costs less to produce pork from good pigs than beef from good cattle. But it does not pay to breed or to feed poor hogs. The hog is a voracious animal, and unless his voracity can be turned to profitable account it is better to have nothing to do with him. The great majority of farmers who breed pigs do so without definite aim towards producing a profitable animal. Most of them have got a nondescript sort of stock of no particular breed, and remarkable only for combining as many of the bad qualities and as few of the good points as it is possible a hog can have. Having come to them as it were as a legacy, they look upon it as being a bounden duty to perpetuate the race. Yet bad as these hogs are they have two redeeming points. In the first place they are hardy, and have good constitutions; and in the second place they are capable of being rapidly improved at small cost, by crossing them with the modern improved breeds of pure blooded sorts. Use what breed you will to begin the improvement, if it is only persevered in by those who understand the business, it must result profitably.—*American Rural Home.*

Miscellaneous.

CLASSES IN SOCIETY.

I hold there is nothing more important in a democratic, republican community, than getting the circulation easy and free. You will always have classes; but you must not have classes harden into permanence. Freedom requires that I must have every opportunity to be just as tall as I can grow. Freedom requires that I must swing my arms just as I like, and I must develop all the legitimate faculties that God has given to me; and if there is a man that is weaker than I, I go above him. That is democratic. Freedom requires that every individual man should have the right to use all the energies God gave him as he

shes that desires to do so. The Fish Commissioners are authorized to lease such ponds, and seven have already been leased, some of them for terms of twenty years. This makes them private property for the time, and men who have capital to spare can invest it in stocking these ponds with as much assurance of fair returns as in other enterprises. Some of the finest ponds in the State, embracing a hundred acres or more are waiting for suitable parties to lease and stock them. It is not likely they will wait long.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872.

ERROR EXTRAORDINARY!—The outside forms of this week's *Ploughman*, erroneously bear the date of 1871, instead of 1872.

THE VERMONT DAIRYMEN.

Recent information from the Association bearing the above name, derived directly from its Secretary—O. S. Bliss, Esq.—assures us of the vigor of its organization, the thoroughness of its work, and the great promise of its future operations. It was founded on the ascertained needs of the farmers of Vermont, their desire being for a more exact, full, and comprehensive knowledge of the important business to which they are devoted. From modest beginnings it has so steadily increased in numbers, and so expanded in influence, that it has now come to be recognized by the ablest and best informed men in Vermont as by far the most valuable agricultural organization in the State. In spite of its drawbacks, which have been inevitable and apparently innumerable, it has maintained a patient and unflinching spirit of perseverance through a few resolute individuals, and mainly by their power in the thriving community by which it is now substantially upheld. It is not at all probable that Vermont would to-day part with the Dairymen's Association for a large share of the material wealth which it is inevitably to secure to the account of the State. The day of cavilling and croaking is gone by, and we point to the Association as a proud success of the farmers.

A great part of this gratifying result is due to the simple determination of the men who originated the Association. A want of ready funds has unhappily embarassed the society's proceedings, but time and tide have finally pulled them safely through. This result, delayed the publication of the past year's transactions very greatly; but we are able to state, which we do with extreme pleasure, that the State Agricultural Society came to its aid, having at its recent annual meeting very generously appropriated the funds necessary for the purpose, which is a sterling endorsement of their permanent value. The promise now is that the transactions will be in print in time for delivery at the meeting of the Association at Rutland next month. The money is voted as an outright donation, all the more generous on the one side, and the best evidence on the other that the objects of the society are strictly and wholly in harmony with the general purposes of the State Agricultural Society likewise. The Board of directors of the latter body is composed of some of the clearest and most sagacious business men in the State, and their unqualified expressions of approbation, their resolute encouragement, and their ready and enthusiastic pledges of individual co-operation are of far greater and more abiding value to the Association than their donation itself.

The next winter session of the Association is to be held in Rutland, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of January; and arrangements have been perfected for a meeting of far more than the usual interest and importance, whose practical results are likely to become visible shortly after. From what we learn, we are ready to believe that no similar meeting has ever been held in New England that surpassed in value what is to be fairly expected of this one. This is saying much, but we think time will substantiate every syllable. A number of very able men have been secured for the convention, and others still are being constantly applied to for their presence and influence. We shall have more authoritative particulars in the next issue of the *Ploughman*.

STEPS IN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Under an act of Congress passed last spring, a board of commissioners to mature rules to regulate our civil service, has been in session through the vacation, and has made a report to the President which he has recently transmitted to Congress. The subject to be considered has presented many difficulties, not the least of which was the utter absence of any system heretofore prevailing, in which to find a basis for reform or improvement. The commissioners were obliged to create an entirely new code of rules, and their duties being merely advisory, the results of their investigations, and the conclusions arrived at by them, have no binding force except as they stand on their own merits, and meet the approval of the power appointing them.

The great principle adopted and recommended by the board, is that all vacancies in offices, with a few exceptions, including the cabinet, judges, foreign ministers and some others, shall be filled only by persons found qualified on examination by a competent board. The positions of each class of the service are to be graded so far as practicable, according to the character of the duties to be performed, and the examinations are to be conducted with a view to test the knowledge, ability and special qualifications of the applicants. The highest candidates are to be certified to the nominating or appointing power, and the appointments to be made only from those. All appointments are to be made probationary for six months, and only to be made permanent on satisfactory evidence of practical fitness. One regulation especially provides that no head of a department or any subordinate officer of the government shall, as such an officer, authorize or permit or assist in levying any assessment of money for political purposes, upon any person or employe under his control, nor shall any such person pay any money so assessed.

These are the principal and cardinal points which the commissioners aim to introduce into our whole civil service. They are most judicious, and in fact no system of any value can rest on any other basis except that of fitness of applicants for office, and entire independence of partisan influence or power. The President announces that the rules have been adopted, and will go into effect with the beginning of this year. He also suggests that, as they are not binding on his successors, further legislation be had to give the system a further trial than could be done in the short time remaining of President Grant's term. He asks for all the strength which Congress can give him to enable him to carry out the reforms recommended by the commission.

Here then is an encouraging prospect of introducing an entire revolution in the mode of appointment to the hundred thousand offices in the gift of the President or of the departments. If adopted it will take the whole subject entirely out of the influence of politics, which has had so enervating and corruptingan effect on our service and has created a universal demand for reform. Already circulars have been issued by all the Departments, announcing that the rules will be carried into effect forthwith, and preparations are making for carrying them out in detail, by the formation of proper examining boards. It is fortunate that the subject is so far beyond the control of Congress, that the country has not got to wait their slow action on the recommendation of the commissioners. The experiment should be fully and faithfully tried, and when that is done, every one must see its advantages.

MONEY AFFAIRS AND BUSINESS.

The week and the year opened on an improving money market, and with a slight alleviation from the stringency of the past few weeks, although there is no material change in the rates. A stringent market at this season is not an unusual occurrence. After the middle of the month however, we may reasonably expect an easy money market, and a more lively movement in business circles generally. The banks are answering the call from their regular depositors at 7 per cent., to the full extent of their ability, while the outside range for prime commercial paper is 8 to 10 per cent., and the minimum rate for call loans is 7 per cent. New York funds are in active demand.

In New York, money is fairly easy at 7 per cent. The gold market was firm at 109 to 109¼ in New York at the close of the week.

The market for Government bonds continues strong. The Assistant Treasurer in New York, on the 30th ult. paid out $450,000 in gold on account of 5-20's redeemed, making a total thus far of $22,207,000; on account of January interest $600.00 in gold, making a total thus far of $5 850,000; on account of currency interest $90.000, making a total this week of $1,040.000. The exports of specie from New York last week were $449,696.

Business during the past month has been quite active in the retail department, and the prospect is highly favorable for a lively movement in most trade circles during the coming season.

THE WILL OF THE LATE DR. OLIVER DEAN.

The will of the late Dr. Oliver Dean, the founder of the Dean Academy in Franklin, has been admitted to probate in Norfolk county. Besides the $300,000 which it is said that Dr. Dean during his life bestowed left a fortune estimated at $600,000, the result of the wonderful business tact that he exhibited in the manufacturing corporations with which he was once connected. The will was executed on the 9th of September last, and in it he bequeaths $80,000 to Tufts College, to be called the "Dean Fund," the income to be expended as the managers may deem best for the interest of the institution; to the City Library of Manchester, N. H, $5000, the income to be invested in the purchase of books. To the First Universalist Church in Franklin he bequeathes the "Emmons Farm," with all the buildings thereon, together with nearly all the stock, and also his residence, which is to be used as a personage by the society. The Dean Library Association in Medway village is remembered with a gift of twenty-five shares in the Boston and Albany Railroad. To the cherished object of his life, the Dean Academy, he gives forty shares of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company; forty shares in the Manchester Print Works; ten shares in the Stark Mills, and two hundred shares in the Vermont and Canada Railroad, the income of which is to be appropriated for the payment of the salaries of the teachers of that Academy. He also gives handsome legacies to his relations and other individuals. All the residue and remainder of his real, personal or mixed property is left to the Dean Academy, to be used by the Trustees as thay may deem most expedient for its benefit as long as it shall remain an Academy; otherwise it is to pass into the hands of Tufts College.

The New City Governments.—

Last Monday the destinies of the cities of our state passed into the management of the new city governments, and the Mayors made their inaugural addresses. The address of Mayor Gaston, of this city, was a model of its class; broad, comprehensive, felicitously expressed, it avoided the usual lumbering details of figures and statistics, referring his hearers to the special reports of the departments. Its tone was manly, and it showed a large appreciation of the position and the prospect of the future growth of the city, and suggested many subjects for consideration connected therewith, which it will be well for all our citizens, in and out of the government, to consider.

A feature of quite a number of the inaugural addresses we have read was the very pertinent reference to the corruptions and plunderings in a "neighboring city," which was made a fine text for a discourse on the faithful management of municipal affairs. We are happy to know that thus far our city governments have been conducted in a manner that affords not the slightest analogy to any of the evils that have become so notorious in New York.

The debts of the cities so far as they are given by the respective anaugurals are as follows. Boston's total debt amounts to $29,383,390,52, an increase of $2,753,479 since 1870. Charlestown owes $2,655,450,00. Cambridge's indebtedness is $1,881,400. Chelsea owes $947,380. The new city of Somerville owes $593,349. Lowell acknowledges $909,216,37. Lawrence $413,850. Haverhill owes $170,750,38. Taunton's total debt is $272·272. Worcester's debt is $2,469,000; the increase since 1871 is $564,820.

Governor Washburn.—

His Excellency Wm. B. Washburn of Greenfield, who was inaugurated as Governor this week, receiving 75,129 votes in a poll of 136,793, was born in Winchendon, Mass, Jan. 31 1820. He fitted tor Yale College, and was graduated in 1844. He gave his attention to manufacturers, and in 1850 he represented the Franklin district in the State Senate. He was a member of the House in 1854. He subsequently removed to Greenfield, where he became President of the Greenfield Bank. He was first elected a Representative from Massachusetts to the Thirty-eighth Congress, receiving at subsequent elections the indorsement of his constituents, manifested by a heavy vote. In congress Mr. Washburn has been a most useful member, winning the confidence of his associates by his integrity of character and honesty of purpose. He is a pleasant public speaker, a shrewd business man and noted in financial circles as a clear-headed and far-seeing statesman. Though familiar with politics, he is in no sense a politician. The honors conferred upon him have never been sought by him. He comes to the high position of Governor free and independent, with a golden opportunity to distinguish himself and benefit the people.

Necrology.—

Let us briefly run over a few among the names that have passed from the list of the living during the dead year. There are the Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe; Auber and Thalberg; Dumas and Paul de Rock; Grote, Gasparin; Mason and Slidell; Vallandigham, Father Taylor, and Albert Barnes; Schamyl, the great Chief of the Circassian warriors; Field Marshal Benedek; Omar Pacha; Major Anderson, of Fort Sumter memory; Prina, the leading mind in Spain; Herschel, Babbage, and Murchison; the French painters Regnault and Zamacois; both of the first order of genius;—we could not compass the brilliant list in the space at our disposal. It has been a year greedy of the talent and power by which the human race is lifted up and moved along, and will long be placed among the memorable years on that account. May the year on which we have just entered be less eager to snatch from sight the valuable men and women we have still remaining.

SUFFOLK REGISTRY OF DEEDS.—With the extension of Boston, the business of this office has largely increased. The efficent incumbent, Mr. Temple, states that every deed left for record was ready for delivery Saturday, the last day of the year, it being the first instance of the kind since the office has been in existance. The number of new volumes of records the past year numbered 56, of 320 folios each book. Twenty-three clerks are employed.

Town almost Destroyed.—On the evening of December 30th, the town of Monroe, La. was almost entirely destroyed by a fire which broke out in a saloon. It spread rapidly and in four hours sixty buildings were burned, including the wealthiest portion of the city, from Court House square to Desiard street, embracing two squares from Desiard street, down along the river to and including Saunder's saloon and store. From the river to McLenny's saloon, along the north side of Desiard street, not a house is standing. Among the buildings destroyed were Union Church, McCormick's office, shop, residence and outbuildings, the fine stores of Hoffman, Gerson, Dreyfus, Myers, Saunders, McGee, Oliver, Byrne and Lang and the old Nebraska House, Mansion House, Central House, Keller's new store, Endoin's stables, shops and stores, the old Alhambra, six offices, and many other buildings. Total loss, $589,000; insurance, $303,000. The origin of the fire is believed to have been accidental.

The Russian Minister.—A Washington despatch says that M. Catacazy is giving and receiving parting visits, and stoutly asserts to his friends that the report of his personal relations with Mr. Fish, which he will make to the Emperor on his arrival at St. Petersburg, will completely vindicate his conduct. Meanwhile he is receiving the kindest despatches from the Grand Duke Alexis, and it is understood that the Imperial Government, while it does not desire to quarrel with the United States, sustains M. De-Catacazy, and will not speedily send a new Minister Plenipotentiary here, leaving its legation in charge of a Charge de Affaires.

Gold.—The premium on gold took a slightly upward turn last week in consequence as it was said of the Secretary of the sales of gold "on government account. Instead of varying from eight and a quarter to eight and three quarters, it has run nearly one per cent higher. It is pleasant to see that after every bull and bearing operation has spent its force the premium has uniformly rested a little lower than before. Many causes are now at work which will bring it still lower.

The Prince of Wales.—The bulletins in regard to the conditon of the Prince indicates somewhat slow progress towards recovery, but such as might be expected from the severity of his illness. There is nothing unfavorable in his symptoms, and we may feel assured that the best of care will be taken of him. The English papers publish a letter from Queen Victoria, in which she says that she desires to express deep sense of the touching sympathy exhibited for her family by the whole nation at the illness of her dear son. The universal feeling shown by her people during the painful and terrible days of the Prince's illness, their sympathy with herself and her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, and the general joy manifested at the improvement in the health of the Prince, have made a deep and ineffaceable impression upon her heart. The manifestations of the people are nothing new to her, for she met the same sympathy ten years ago, when a similar illness removed the mainstay of her life—the best, wisest and kindest husband that ever lived. Her Majesty says also that she wishes to express the heartfelt gratitude of the Princess of Wales, and concludes the letter with the hope that her faithful subjects will continue to pray for the complete recovery of the Prince.

Horse Railroads.—There is some pretty loud discussion going on in the city at present, over the alleged insufficiency of accomodations furnished by the street railroad companies, the Metropolitan in particular. It all comes of the significant fact, which might not otherwise be so strongly emphasized at any particular time, that the city is growing much more rapidly than the facilities for local transit are increasing. It is a good sign in one sense, but an inconvenient fact in another. The truth is, with the steady expansion of Boston geographically, some other means than such as are now provided will have very shortly to be employed for bring ng the extremities of our metropolis together. Rapid locomotion is one of the great necessities of the age, and quite as much so within municipal limits as across vast stretches of the country.

Leap Year.—The year of the lady's privileges has come round again. It always occurs simultaneously with the Presidential election. Now the unmarried gentlemen may stand back and wait to be asked,—such at least is the tradition, and there are many who think it a very comfortable one, too. When the snow falls again, and the sleigh-bells are ringing out their music on the frosty evening air, what times the girls will have inviting the beaux to rides, suppers, dances and every thing else!—managing affairs for themselves, and even enjoying the coveted privilege of paying the hostier and the landlord beside. The rougher sex "receive" this year. They are absolved by the accepted custom from making any spreads or putting out any invitations. February has twenty-nine days, beginning on Thursday and ending on Thursday,—a circumstance that will not repeat itself again until the year 1900. The year's record will finally show whether the girls are more enterprising in the matter of courtship than the favorites of he temporarily retiring sex.

Through to Willimantic.—All those who rejoice to see the signs of progress will testify their satisfaction with the recent announced completion of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad as far as to Willimantic, the link so long wanting between Putnam and that point being now supplied. This furnishes an objective point of operation for the road. It is an outlet for its business, and the traffic along the line will speedily betray the benefit secured. The road has now taken a long and positive stride to prosperity. It is connected with Hartford and with Waterbury; soon it will have an air-line course through Middletown to New Haven and New York; that from Waterbury west will connect it with the Hudson River. Then the advantage of the enterprise of this city will become obvious traversing a line of towns in Connecticut, tapping the Pennsylvania coal regions, and opening a new avenue to the West.

Fish Culture.—The second annual meeting of the American Fish Culturists' Association is announced to be held at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on Wednesday, February 7th, at the same time with the exhibition of the New York Poultry Society. At this meeting will be read a number of valuable papers, on subjects assigned last year, by gentlemen whohave made different branches of fish culture subjects of study and careful investigation. The business of the meeting will be quite important in view of the growing interests felt on the subject, and the papers and discussions will no doubt be very interesting and valuable. All persons interested in fish culture are invited to attend, and those disposed to join the association are requested to send their names to the secretary before the time of the meeting. The officers are, W. Clift, President, B. F. Bowles, Treasurer, and Livingston Stone, of Charlestown, N. H. Secretary.

Dividends.—The January dividends declared by quite a number of railroads and manufacturing corporations in New England and elsewhere, but including those principally in which this community has a large interest, also the interest on corporation bonds, principally in New England, amount to a very large sum, some thirteen or fourteen million dollars. The manufacturing companies paid very handsomely for the last year, the Chicopee especially paying twenty-five per cent. last July. Many of them pay ten per cent. semi-annuall. The railroads keep up their eight and ten per cent, none but the Eastern passing a dividend, and that for a well known reason. The payment of these dividends together with the large sum paid out on the government bonds, will have a tendency to relieve materially the money market.

The Queen's Letter.—Victoria has addressed to the people of England, her subjects, a womanly letter of gratitude for their expressions of deep sympathy during the recent critical illness of the Prince of Wales. In it she styles the latter her "dear son," and his wife as her "beloved daughter," and of her deceased husband, the late Prince Albert, as "the best, wisest and kindest husband that ever lived." She thanks the people out of the full heart of a true mother, and asks that their fervent prayers be continued for the complete recovery of the Prince. It is a letter from a sovereign such as circumstances rarely call forth, but one which will not be without a most marked effect on the popular mind of England at this time. All the red-tape communications in the world would not so move the hearts of forty millions of people as this simple, direct, touching letter of gratitude from their Queen.

Boston and Maine Railroad.—The Boston and Maine Railroad having decided to increase their capital stock two million dollars for the purpose of raising the capital necessary to build their new extension to Portland, at their last meeting voted to issue the stock to the old stockholders at par, in the proportion of one share to four that they now hold. The legislature of this State last session passed a law requiring such new issues of stock to be sold at auction in open market, and it is claimed that the course pursued by the company is in violation of this law. They justify on the ground that they acted out of the State under their Maine charter. The Attorney General has asked the Supreme Court to enjoin the company from issuing the stock as proposed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ The *Transactions* of the Hingham Agricultural and Horticultural Society for 1871, are issued in a pamphlet of eighty-five pages by the Society, containing a full report of the meetings, the cattle show, premiums, etc., and reports of committees.

☞ The *Old Farmers' Almanack* for 1872, number eighty, by "Robert B. Thomas," is issued by Brewer & Tileston, Boston. Besides the standard matter which is usually found, this number is interleaved with memorandum paper, which adds much to its usefulness. The Old Farmers' Almanack will be found to be the most useful, reliable and frequently consulted book in the farmer's house, except the Bible.

☞ *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, is received from the American publishers, the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton street, New York. It has the usual variety of able and interesting articles. No one can keep posted up in the world's affairs so well and so easily as by taking and reading the foreign reviews and Blackwood, republished by the above company at $15 per year.

☞ The *Boston Almanac* for 1872 is issued this year by Messrs Sampson, Davenport & Co., 47 Congress Street, for the usual price of fifty cents. Mr. George Coolidge announces that he has transferred the almanac to that firm as the patrons who have so long encouraged his efforts. The present number substantially follows the lead of Mr. Coolidge, and is filled with the most useful matter which can be crowded into its four hundred pages. It is handsomely printed, and will be sent postage paid to any address on receipt of the price 50 cents.

☞ *The Galaxy*, published by Sheldon & Co. New York, has attained the respectable age for a magazine of six years and over, and has attained a reputation unsurpassed in the history of periodical literature in the United States, and its financial prosperity has kept pace with its rapid progress into public favor. In some of its departments it stands almost above in the force and character of its articles and discussions; especially is this the case in its payers on many subjects of national interest. A new series is announced by Judge Black, who is one of the strongest and ablest writers on national topics. Other conspicuous public men will be announced as contributors, from time to time. The serial stories of the *Galaxy* have always commended the widest attention. It has brought for the first time before American readers, serial novels by such writers as Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, and others of almost equal note. We have only to say in conclusion that, every department of the magazine is edited with the nicest appreciation of the popular taste, and it has done much to elevate the tone and character of American periodical literature. Its price is $4.00 per year.

☞ The Mutual Relations of the Medical Profession, its Press, and the Community, is the title of an address delivered by Dr. Horatio R. Storer, at the annual meeting of the association of medical editors at San Francisco in May last published by James Campbell, 18 Tremont St. Boston.

☞ The *Hoosier School Master*, published by Orange Judd, & Co., New York, is the popular serial of that name, by Edward Eggleston, which has appeared in the columns of *Hearth and Home*. It is fully illustrated, and is a tale of great interest and humor.

☞ An excellent treatise on *Forest Trees*, by Arthur Bryant, Sr., is published by Henry T. Williams, New York. It is well classified, and has finely executed plates of a number of trees.

☞ *Scribner's Monthly* for January is a brilliant one. The number has a fine Christmas flavor throughout. The poems by Bayard Taylor (after Rueckert,) Christina Rossetti, H. H., and Mrs. Whitney, form a memorable Christmas garland of verse; then there is "The Oak Tree's Christmas Gift," by young Hawthorne; a burlesque Christmas story by Frank R. Stockton, with capital illustrations; a new Wonder Story by Hans Christian Andersen; and an amusing page of "Etchings," by Sheppard, giving characteristic Christmas scenes in "Ole Virginny." Among other interesting features of this number are the very promising opening chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's new serial, "At His Gates;" a story by Joaquin Miller, entitled "The Last Man of Mexitlan," a delightful tale of "A Day's Fun," Scottish Games in Rhode Island," by Col. Higginson; a trenchant article by Rev. George B. Bacon, on "Some Kinds of Spiritual Quackery;" graphic selections, with striking illustrations, from Lt. Col. Cumming's "Wild Men and Wild Beasts."

☞ Our readers will notice that Oliver Ditson & Co. commence the year's advertising on an enlarged plan and with increased space. As they publish nearly a thousand different books, it is only by reading a number of advertisements as they appear that one gets an adequate idea of their immense and valuable stock. We understand that any one may procure their Descriptive Catalogue of Music Books merely by sending for it. It will be valuable for reference.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The foreign trade of Boston during the past year shows a marked increase as compared with previous years, especially in exports, which for the last six months have gained more rapidly than ever before. We give below a few statistics that are accessible today, the complete reports for the past year not yet made up at the Custom House.

The Saturday Evening *Gazette*, of this city, has just entered upon its sixtieth year, which is something in years for a newspaper. It is as young as ever, however.

—Senator Wilson made an hour's address on Temperance in the Tremont Temple, last Sunday evening.

—Collector Russell has returned, with his family, from St. Michael's, in an improved state of health.

—The changes in our weather are sharp and frequent enough to suit the most fickle temper or temperament.

—The Presidential New Year's calls were made according to the standing custom, and standing, at that.

—Few persons expected that the Prince of Wales would live to see the New Year, but he is alive and doing as well as he could himself wish. His severe sickness should make a more thoughtful man of him.

—Germany is getting ready a hostile fleet against both Venezuela and Brazil,—her first appearance in the *role* of war on American shores.

—The Wabash, despite sundry ugly rumors of having foundered at sea, landed General Sherman and Lieutenant Grant safely at Marseilles.

—The new City Government of New York has taken time by the forelock and moved in impeachment proceedings against Mayor Hall.

—The first victim to free speech in England has already sanctified the seed of republicans in that country.

—No one expects that President Thiers will long hold his office, and still there is general doubt in respect to the next proper and prudent step to be taken.

—All the cities of the Commonwealth turned over a new leaf last Monday.

—We are gradually wearing Winter away, and he has not given much trouble so far, either.

—To usher in the New Year according to the feeling that generally gushed in New York, they rang the bells and even fired off guns.

—It is the secure tenure of office by those who hold it, that is going to work real and lasting reform in the civil service.

—Mayor Gaston caught the true spirit in his Message, and spoke of the future of Boston as certain to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the past.

—Never did New York present such a dismal record of deaths by violence in one year as that for 1871

—The Congressional Library contains 236,846 books, and 40,000 pamphlets.

—Small-pox carried off five persons in Philadelphia, in July last, and nearly eleven hundred in December. The contagion is talking freely through the West and Southwest.

—The New York papers are seriously engaged in the discussion whether Edwin Booth has the "figure and port" to play Brutus properly.

—In years, they have not experienced such violent snow storms among the mountains and on the plains. Vast numbers of cattle have perished, which will teach the grazier the advantage and necessity of shelter such is provided in the older States.

—The question of minority representation is again up for discussion, and in time it promises to work itself to the front in our politics.

WARREN AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.—This Church and Society, which have been without a settled pastor since last May, have extended a unanimous call to the Rev. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and it is hoped that this eloquent divine will feel constrained to accept the same.

READ AND RUN.

— The New Year was ushered in with the complete accompaniment of kind wishes and good feelings.

— A dry chap in Connecticut hailed the driver of a charcoal cart, and asked him if he had any charcoal in his wagon. "Yes sir," was the answer, and the horses were reined up. "That's right," responded the fellow, "always speak the truth and people will respect you." Of course he did not tarry long to prolong the conversation.

— A cousin of the Marquis of Lorne, a man of wealth and distinction, has been frozen to death up in the Red River country, where he had purchased a large tract of land.

— A fund of half a million dollars is being raised in England for the purpose of suppressing all traffic in intoxicating liquors.

— A party of wreckers that went from Norwich and New London, Conn. to Cumana Bay for overhauling a sunken Spanish frigate containing treasure, have already made a success of their operations.

— A man in North Carolina keeps his coffin all the time by him, and gratifies a morbid feeling by getting into it from time to time and lying down.

— Limes in large quantities arrive at San Francisco from Mexico.

— A man in Danbury, Conn., makes a personal boast of having signed the temperance pledge eighty-three times.

— The new rules of examination of candidates for the Civil Service went into operation on the first day of the year.

An exchange answers to the question—whether there is any wit in a pen? that it is a no pen question.

— A fancy German in Middleboro' really believes he has got hold of perpetual motion, and can't let go.

— Republican clubs are forming throughout England. The club in England and France is a powerful political weapon.

— The story of the attempted poisoning of the Prince of Wales by the International Society receives no credit generally.

— An underground railway is talked of, though on the rumor that the United States will make exorbitant demands before the Geneva Conference for indemnity for losses by the Alabama and other vessels, professes to believe that the American Government has no such intention; that its main desire is to obtain public acknowledgment that at the position it took and the remonstrances it made during the war were founded on reason.

The *Times* says it is desirable that no encouragement should be given to the belligerent to bring extravagant claims against neutrals for constructive injuries.

The Cologne *Gazette* asserts that the United States claim an enormous amount for indemnity, so that when deductions are made they may receive a handsome sum. This the *Gazette* denounces as an artful and and unworthy trick, but it is not sorry that the only two nations which furnished supplies to France during the war with Germany are now similarly set by the ears.

London, 2nd. Robert C. Schenck, American Minister, has gone to Paris, where he will meet Gen. Sherman and the son of President Grant.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the *Prairie Farmer*, published at Chicago. The *Prairie Farmer* was always an ably conducted agricultural paper; one of the liveliest in the whole Western country. But the energy displayed by theirestablishment since the recent conflagration is perfectly marvellous, and has excited the admiration of all newspaperdom. Such enterprise can never fail of success, which we most heartily wish them.

IT IS BECAUSE the 7-30 bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad are both a first-class railroad security and a real estate mortgage on lands worth twice the amount secured, that we commend them to those who desire an investment that is safe beyond question, while readily negotiable and bearing a good rate of interest. They are a first lien, not only on a great railroad and its traffic, but in addition are a first mortgage on valuable lands, to the rate of 50 acres to each $100 of indebtedness. Add to this the fact that the rate of interest (7-3-10 per cent. gold) is more than 8 per cent. currency, and that the bonds are always exchangeable at 10 per cent. premium for the lands on which they are secured, (practically giving the power of foreclosure at will,) and it is easy to explain the high favor with which these securities are now regarded.

OLD DR. JOB SWEET, the great Natural Bone Setter, one of the famed Narragansett, R. I., Sweet Bone Setters, which immigrated from Wales A. D. 1630, is at 237 Tremont Street, Boston, where daily is being cured all injuries and diseases to the Bones and Muscles. Dr. Walker, assistant daily in charge. Letters answered gratis. All Tremont Street horse cars pass the door. Board, rooms with treatment furnished to those coming from abroad. Preserve in case of accidents.

☞ For family use, the Halford Table Sauce.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

For the week commencing Jan. 7, 1872

Days of the Week.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Sets.	Length of Days.
SUNDAY,	7 30	4 43	4 2	9 13
MONDAY,	7 30	4 44	5 19	9 14
TUESDAY,	7 30	4 45	6 13	9 15
WEDNESDAY,	7 29	4 46	7 9	9 17
THURSDAY,	7 29	4 47	8 8	9 18
FRIDAY,	7 29	4 48	9 7	9 19
SATURDAY,	7 28	4 50	10 6	9 22

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Richards' Historical Catechism.

What elegant building stands a little to the north west of the Museum upon Beacon Street? THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

What are its dimensions? One hundred and fourteen feet in length, of irregular breadth and sixty feet high

How is the first story occupied? It has a sculpture gallery which is sixty-four feet long by forty wide.

How is the second story occupied? By the Library, which contains eighty-five thousand bound volumes, fifty thousand unbound pamphlets, and nearly five hundred volumes of engravings.

What building, nearly two hundred years old, stands about one-fourth of a mile to the northeast of the Athenæum? GEORGE H. RICHARDS' CLOTHING HOUSE, where he is astonishing the world by the extraordinary low prices at which he "CLOTHES" THE MEN and BOYS,

AT 24 & 26 DOCK SQUARE. jan6-1t

☞ **From Maine to California millions of children are wearing SILVER TIPPED Shoes—Why not, they are the cheapest and never wear through at the toe. Try them. For sale by all Shoe Dealers.** dec23-4t

VOLTAIC SOLES.

Are a SURE preventive and cure for COLD FEET, RHEUMATISM and CHILBLAINS. They give relief and comfort at once, only 25 cents per pair. Sold only by the VOLTAIC ARMOR ASSOCIATION, 149 Tremont Street, Boston, and their authorized Agents.

Sent free on receipt of price.

oct21-tf.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

All good housekeepers use the Crescent Soap for cleaning house, brightness, copper per cent leaves a polish far unlike any other soap. For sale by all grocers. oct28-tf.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 28, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Dr. Nicholson, Frank H. Meier of New York and Evelyn Alice, daughter of Otis King

Dec. 26, by Rev A. J. Gordon, Mr. Vernon R. Peirce and Miss Marianne R., daughter of Leonard Marshall, Esq., all of this city

Jan. 1, at James Hotel, by Rev. Dr. Nalkan, Edward H. Hill, 2d D., and Miss Lottie C. Thompson of Lewiston, Me.

In Hampton, N. H., Dec. 31, by the bride's father, Uri Lamprey, Mr. Joseph G. Hardy of Haverhill, Mass., and Miss Sarah M. Lamprey of Hampton.

In Cambridge, Dec. 27, at the residence of the bride's father, the Rev. Dr. Briggs officiating, Mr. Zuth Burnham, Jr., of Charlestown and Miss Mary E. R. Lincoln of Cambridge.

In West Milton, N. H., Dec. 26, by Elder D. B. Goodwin, Mr. Elijah Hatch and Mrs. Lydia W. Varney, all of West Milton.

In Deerfield, N. H., Dec. 28, by Rev Henry O. Walker, Mr. Isaac L. Harper, M. D., of New York, and Miss Clara F. Currier of Deerfield.

In Arlington, Jan. 1, by Rev. William B Ryder, Mr. Milan R. Hardy and Miss Annie E. Hill, all of A.

In Newton Upper Falls, Jan. 1, by Rev. C Cunningham, assisted by Rev. J. H. Hinds, Mr Samuel A. Piper of Chelsea and Miss A. Malin Cunningham, of Newton

In Lynn, Jan. 1, by Rev. R. A Manning, John T. Bryant and Mrs. Anna L. Dunn, all of Lynn.

In Watertown, Dec. 27, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. T. Bixby, Mr. Charles F. Willey of Putnam, Conn., and Miss Addie C. Learned, daughter of Samuel S. Learned.

Dec. 31, by Rev. W. V Garner, Mr Kossen H. Taylor and Miss Elizabeth A. Moore, both o this city

Jan. 1, by Rev. R. I. Cushman, Mr. P. R. Proctor and Miss Theresa L. Holmes, both of this city.

DEATHS

In this city, Jan. 2, Mary R., wife of Thomas C. Wales, 44 years.

In Boston Highlands, Jan. 1, Dea. Kendall Brooks, 80 years.

In Melrose, Jan. 1, William Lynds, 2d, 63 yrs. 3 mos

In Newton, Jan. 2, Mrs. Lucretia Hastings, wife of the Charles Hastings, 84 years

In Abington, Dec. 31, Henry M. Whitmarsh

In Framingham, Jan 2 Rev. Arthur S Train, DD, in Framingham, Jan 2, Rev. Arthur S Train, DD, in Framingham, Jan 2, Rev. Arthur S Train, DD, in Framingham, Jan 2,

WOOL MARKET.

...mill continues very firm at ... but the transactions in domestic ... have been on a somewhat smaller ... owing to the greatly reduced and ... and the fact that holders of desir... are not free sellers. Further movements who have lately been in for ... there wants temporarily provided ... used to await further developments ... and its products. There is less ... at the extreme rates now current ... during the past week has been to ...

...are convinced that unless a materi... in goods prices can be realized, ... ers of woolen machinery will be ... such an alternative is certainly pre... at a loss, as all the mills that are ... purchased wool are now duly s... domestic staple in all the markets of ... and, and so long a space is to elapse ... can be made available, that up ... of machinery will be likely to ... raw material. It might, however, ... upon the goods market; as, in ... of production is probably the only ... ve to bring goods prices up to the ...

...ge to note in wool prices so far as ... is concerned; though the scarcity ... fleeces is now such that a further ... grades is highly probable. As the ...ry are more sought for than the ... so the finer grades, the only va... due to condition and the neces... cleansing. The latter element is ... consideration at the present high ...ol. Combing fleeces are also very ... supply being confined to small lots ... of last week having cleared the ... Pulled wools continue in active ...mily light stocks, and all good ... that are received at the extreme rates ...ornia and Oregon wools which ... ers have lately picked up about all ...g clip in the hands of receivers ...sentle of the wool trade, during the ... the large movement in fine for... ...t Meeting, and Australian, with the ... a further advance in prices. The ...tisfaction is the possession of these ... to manufacturers, and it was the only ...hen they should take hold of them. ...nd somewhat sooner than was ex... ...e rapid and large advance in prices ...h now gives no advantage to ...ers of relatively cheap fleeces. This, ...gold, has enabled importers to run ...e market, though at a very small ...d the prices now current, around ...e the filing of former America... ...the basis of the advance.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

CATTLE MARKET.

...dle.—The market yesterday opened ...t it was not of great activity, as it ...ood remained so throughout the ...d the close some 6-00 head changed ...at per 100 lbs. The quality of the ...er grades were scarcely as good as ...e a slight advance since then. This ...of the offerings were slowly closed ...ain a yesterday. Of the receipts ...he Ashland and without being ...

...Beef Cattle ranged as follows: ...@6 50; generally rated first quality, ...medium or good fair quality at ...this extent, some sales as low as $5 75; ...owest grades of cattle $4 00 @5 75; ...e market to-day $4 62. Extreme ...ought $6. Most of the sales were ...160 lbs. Of the receipts 83 head ...d, 199 from Ohio, 21 from West ...Virginia.—The receipts of Cows ...at 1504 last week, and 1 067 same ...the offerings 436 head were taken ...ers, 116 sold to country dealers ...d head to speculators for Eastern ...for the week 79 head against ...36 head same time last year. ...Sheep have been quite scarce ...rtone of the yards, ever exhibiting ...for good qualities, while common ...there is no change; quality rem... ...ast report, though the quality ...y figures. We quote for good ...ades per 7 gross, stock sheep dull, ...ed, as to quality. Lambs firm at ...ceipts this week 793 head, against ...3068 head same time last year. ...been a good supply on the market ...mand rate for the season. There ...in prices, though the market at ...ay are more quiet for lots just ...not. Receipts this week 7 8 ...at week, and 1800 head same time ...

SPRINGFIELD MARKET.

...Hay.—The offerings amounted to ...market was steady and prices are ...@25 @ 30 lbs gross for common to ...choice quality, cash at 6 @@35 per ...in demand, receipts 140 @ ...@40 tons per 2 gross, as to condition, ...ed quality; receipts 710 @ ...@40 per 100 lbs net, latter for ...

CATTLE MARKET.

...le—Offerings 4000 head; the mar... at $@$12 50 per 100 lbs gross ...ranged at 6@6½c per pound ...ows firmer; sales at figures fully ...higher; sales of common to ...@4 @$4 @ 4½. Lambs sold ...Hogs dull and heavy at $4 50@ ...

PRICES OF STOCKS.

...ously for the Ploughman.

......	119
......	104
......	119
......	133
......	141
......	147
......	115
......	134
......	116
......	147
......	163
......	114

KITCHEN MARKET.

...ly for the Ploughman.

...ending Jan. 5, 1872.

PRICES.

NCY MARKET.

Pork, Lard, &c.	
Corrected by Flint & Richards, No. 29 ...	
Fresh Pork, ...	10 @11
Clear Salt Strips...	10 @12
Corned Hams,...	12 @13
Single Ham, ...	13 @14
Corned Shoulders, ...	9 @10
Briskets, ...	9 @10
Smoked Shoulders ...	9 @10
Smoked Ribs.....	9 @10
Sausage	9 @10
Pigs' Feet	@ 10
Lard, ...	10 @ ..
Veal and Mutton	
Corrected by Hiscock & Son Nos. 9 and 11.	
Veal, Leg.....	20 @23
Veal, Shoulder.....	@14
Veal, Loin, &c.	18 @20
Mutton, legs	14 @16
Mutton, shoulder...	10 @13
Fruit & Vegetables.	
Corrected by Hiscock & Son Nos. 9 and 11.	
Cranberries—	
Country, bbl.	7 00@ 8 00
Cape, ...	8 00@ 9 00
Apples, Bortolf ...	@...
" Western, bbl.	3 50@ 4 00
Potatoes, ...	2 50@ 2 75
Onions, bbl...	3 50@ 3 75
Squash, Hubb., cwt.	2 50@ 3 00
Oranges, hund.	
Havana	4 00@ 8 00
Messina box ...	7 00@ 8 00
Lemons, box ...	@ 6 00
White Beans ...	
bush	2 00@ 2 25
Pea beans ...	2 00@ 2 25
Pickles, bbls ...	10 00@17 00

Y MARKET.

...ail.

...	100@ 2 00
...	22 00@ 26 00
...	1 25@ 1 50
...ecials.	30 00@33

...HARKET.

...Sou, 51 & 52 N. Market

Millet ... bush...	000
Barley ... bush	1 00@ 1 00
Buckwheat ... bush	1 10@ 1 00
Hungarian grass Seed, ... bush	2 25@ 2 50
Wheat, Spring, ... bush	1 60@ ...
Rye, Seed	1 00@ 1 05
Winter Rye ...	1 00@ 1 00

PRICES.

...KET MARKET.

...Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Corrected by C. C. Chamberlain & Co., Nos 79 and 81 Sudbury.

Lump, new	38 @ 45
Tub, prime new ...	32 @ 34
Fair to good n'w.	25 @ 30
Common	18 @ 23
Tub, old	9 @ 15
Bakers', ...	10 @ 13
CHEESE.	
Factory, ...	14 @ 14½
2d do	12 @ 13
Farmers' extra ...	13 @ 13
Farmers', ord'y ...	7 @ 10
Skim Milk, ...	@ 6
EGGS.	
Eggs, fresh	37 @ 39
" limed	@ @

Fruit & Vegetables. Corrected by Hiscock & Son Nos. 9 and 11.

Cranberries—	
Country, bbl.	7 00@ 8 01
Cape, ...	8 00@ 9 00
Apples, Bortolf ...	@...
" Western, bbl.	3 50@ 4 00
Potatoes, ...	2 50@ 2 75
Onions, bbl...	3 50@ 3 75
Squash, Hubb., cwt.	2 50@ 3 00
Oranges, hund.	
Havana	4 00@ 8 00
Messina box ...	7 00@ 8 00
Lemons, box ...	@ 6 00
White Beans ...	
bush	2 00@ 2 25
Pea beans ...	2 00@ 2 25
Pickles, bbls ...	10 00@17 00

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...HARKET.

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Millet ... bush...	000
Barley ... bush	1 00@ 1 00
Buckwheat ... bush	1 10@ 1 00
Hungarian grass Seed, ... bush	2 25@ 2 50
Wheat, Spring, ... bush	1 60@ ...
Rye, Seed	1 00@ 1 05
Winter Rye ...	1 00@ 1 00

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The three weeks engagements of Mr. Sothern at the Boston Theatre closes this week. His remarkable personation of *Lord Dundreary* in "Our American Cousin" has been witnessed by appreceative audiences, evening after evening. The study and performance of one single character for twelve years has enabled him to attain a perfection rarely reached. We are pleased to know that the engagement that closes this week has been a successful one. The whole capacities of the Boston have been put forth to place the play worthily on the stage, and the subordinate parts have been acceptably filled by the members of the company. It is performed every evening and Saturday afternoon of this week, and those who have not seen this celebrated part should improve the only remaining opportunities. Mr. Sothern only remains in this country for a few months, as he is announced to appear at the Haymarket Theatre, London, May 27th. He will perform in the principal cities of the United States in the meantime.

The advent of the *Parepa-Rosa troupe* in English opera is announced. The series of performances to commence at the Boston Theatre next Monday Jan. 8th. Madame Parepa-Rosa is of course the principal prima donna, and the names announced as forming the troupe are those of well known and popular singers, whose merits are already favorably known to the public. Madame Varzehi, (Van Zandt) the eminent American prima donna, who has achieved a great success in the principal opera houses in Europe, and has been highly praised in New York and Philadelphia, makes her debut to a Boston audience in opera. Other members are Miss Clara Doria, Mrs. Segnin, Mrs. Cook, Miss Schofield, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Cook, Mr. Gustavus Hall, Mr. Edward Segnin. The material of the company with the distinguished head, to such as to give promise of a most brilliant and successful season.

AT THE GLOBE.—The brilliant and effective play of "Divorce" has occupied the stage for two or three weeks, and it was most magnificently put upon the stage. This week the public have been highly favored with the performance at this theatre of the sterling and standard play of the "London Assurance" with a strong cast. The "School for Scandal," with very elegant scenery and dresses, and finished acting, and the "Marble Heart." Mr. Falconer's play of "Eileen Age" is announced to be in preparation, and will probably be brought out next week, with most elaborate and beautiful scenery, dresses and accessories. Much time has been devoted to its proper preparation, and the public may expect one of the great sensations of the season.

AT THE MUSEUM.—The representations of the "Streets of New York," have drawn crowded houses nightly for the last two weeks. It has never been better performed than by the able and accomplished company of the Museum. It may continue on the boards of the Museum some weeks longer. Due notice of new attractions will be given.

MR. PECK'S concerts given at Music Hall have given the public an opportunity to hear for the only occasion this season, the eminent artists Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips, and the rising young lady violinist Miss Toedt. Last Sunday evening a sacred concert was given by these eminent vocalists, assisted by an array of other talent. Mr. Peck has every reason to be satisfied with his efforts to provide a high order of musical entertainments, and we hope he will arrange for some more of them before the season is over.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY on Saturday evening, 13th, at Music, Hall will give Rossini's colebrated composition, *Stabat Mater*, with the aid of the artistes of the Dolby Troupe, who have before added so much to the effectiveness and perfection of the oratorio performances of the Society. The beautiful oratorio of Elijah, by Mendelssohn, will be given on Sunday the 14th, with the same mid to their performance. We are the last it which the eminent artists of this troupe will appear in oratorio previous to their return to England.

THE LEGISLATURE.—The Session of the Massachusetts Legislature was opened on Wednesday. The State house has been put in excellent order. The halls of legislation have received new carpets throughout, and many other improvements having been made which will promote the comfort of members and visitors.

The House was called to order by Isaac D. Hall of Bedford, the oldest member, and the organization was completed by the choice of John E. Sanford of Taunton, as speaker; William S. Robinson, as clerk and Hon. C. Mortimer Ferguson, sergeant at arms. In the Senate Hon. H. H. Coolidge was chosen President and Stephen N. Gifford, clerk.

BOSTON'S ADVANTAGES.

The advantages which Boston offers to both the export and import trade are far superior, naturally and artificially, to any other port on the coast. Grain shipped from Chicago comes through by rail in six or seven days, and cotton from Memphis is stored in the Grand Junction warehouse in twelve days. The average time between Boston and Liverpool being only twelve days, the articles reach their destination on an average of five or six days—and frequently nine or ten—earlier than if sent by way of New York. The rates for through grain are the same from the West to Boston and New York, and the former has a decided advantage over the latter across the ocean. Added to this, is the fact that the expense of handling is much less, the canal-boats, lighters and floating elevators of New York being entirely avoided, the grain coming directly to the ship's side, and being unloaded without having been touched since it started. In a number of instances, grain shipped from Chicago by this route has reached Liverpool far in advance of consignments via New York, and the condition of the two was by no means comparable, that by Boston having contracted no damp, as grain frequently does on the lakes and canals, and having been subjected to no extra handling and bringing a better price when sold. Of Boston's superiority over New York as a port of entry, there is no doubt in any reasonable mind.—*Post.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT WASHINGTON.—The official reception of the President commenced at 11 o'clock, members of the Cabinet and foreign Ministers being the first received. The Blue Parlor was brilliantly lighted and recorated with flowers. Mrs. Grant was assisted in the ceremony of receiving the distinguished personages by Mrs. Colfax, Mrs. Boutwell, Mrs. Williams, wife of the New Attorney General, and Mrs. Creswell. Following the diplomatic corps came the Judges of the Supreme Court, then the members of the District of Columbia Government, headed by Gov. Cooke, and quite a large representation of members of Congress who remained in Washington during the holiday season, including Senators Trumbull, Fenton, Morton and Corbett, and Representatives Wood, Beck, Kerr, Piat and Merrick. The officers of the army and navy and the marine corps came next. Nearly every official personage of distinction and prominence here paid their respects. The soldiers of the war of 1812 and the old inhabitants, following the time-honored custom, called upon the Chief Magistrate. Afterwards the gates were thrown open to the public and a mighty rush of citizens followed. The heads of the Departments subsequently received their friends at their respective residences. The Vice-President also held a reception.

DEFACED AND MUTILATED CURRENCY.—The following changes in the regulations governing the redemption of defaced and mutilated currency of the United States go into effect on the first of January. Defaced and mutilated United States notes and currency instead of being redeemable as now by the Treasurer of the United States, subject to discount for the mutilation, will be redeemable at their full value in new notes or currency by the Treasurers, Assistant Treasurers and designated depositories of the United States and all national bank depositories, and will be received at the full face value by all officers of the Treasury Department in payment of currency due the United States, provided that three-fifths of the original proportion of such are presented in one piece. Fragments of less than five-eighths will be redeemable only by the Treasurer of the United States. If more than half and less than five-eighths is presented, half the face value will be paid. Less than half the note will be redeemable only on an affidavit that the missing portion is totally destroyed. Under the new rules any person, bank, corporation or public officer will be permitted to forward five dollars and upwards in fractional currency, and fifty dollars and upwards in legal tender notes for redemption, to the Treasurer, by express at the expense of the Department, under a Government contract with the Adams Express Company. Heretofore nothing less than $500 was entitled to transportation at the Government expense. A circular embodying these changes is now preparing in the Treasury office. The officers of the Treasury are determined to remove all causes for complaint concerning the condition of the United States currency and to that end have concluded to extend to all, the most liberal facilities for its redemption. It is expected at the Department that the new rules will result in a marked improvement of the condition of the currency.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

For months past there has been much uneasiness in the community, in regard to our relations with Spain. It is difficult for a civilized nation to repress a sympathy for the people struggling in Cuba to throw off the yoke of a terrible oppression. The rebellion has been over and over again announced as suppressed, and yet we frequently read of contingents of troops being sent over from Spain to fight the insurgents, and we have also reliable information of most abominable acts of cruelty and oppression in the past month, not only of the insurgents but of those who are in the least suspected of favoring their course. The most atrocious act yet reported, was the recent execution of eight students, and sentence to the chain gang of twenty more, out of a class of medical students, at the demand of the volunteers, so called, for the frivolous offence, if it can be called such, of scratching some glass on the tomb of Gen. Castanon. Other enormities are reported which are terrible to read of, and are so like the old traits of Spanish character displayed in the history of the inquisition in Spain, and their cruelties towards the Dutch, in the times of the bloody Duke of Alva, that we cannot believe that the Spanish character has improved in any humane feature.

All these acts and cruelties are committed by Spanish soldiers and a class called the volunteers, who are in reality now regarded as the masters of Cuba. The last proclamation of the Captain General Valmaseda, announces that after the 15th inst., all insurgents captured will be shot; that all surrendering will be condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and all women sent out of the country. The heart shudders at the atrocities committed and in prospect, if such things go on. But still we must look on and not interfere, for international law says it is no concern of ours; if public opinion may form and gain strength and influence in this country, which may hail with satisfaction any pretext in our relations with Spain, which would justify interference; the safety of our citizens in Cuba and the protection of their rights, are only secured by the fear of the speedy vengence of our government and people. The public relations of the two governments at present peaceful and faiendly, but it would take but slight provocation to lead to an open ruptare.

INDUSTRY OF THE COUNTRY.

The following is the aggregate of the agricultural returns for the year ending June 1, 1870, received at the census office and applied to the entire country:—

Acres imp'ed...	188,808,781
" unimp'ed...	184,268,121
" unimp'ed...	39,35..633
Cash value of farms ...	$9,261,773,121
Agricultural implements ...	$236,890,87...
Wages paid...	$310,658,473
Farm pro- ducts.....	$4,447,002,379
Value live stock	$1,874,271,714
Wheat bush...	287,748,094
Rye, bush	17,060,600
Indian corn, bush...	760,963,294
Oats, bush.....	282,491,993
Barley, bush ...	29,161,263
Buckwheat, bush	17,883,121
Rice, lbs.....	73 631,721
Tobacco, lbs...	262,7.9,340
Cotton, bales ...	3,011,996
Wool, lbs.....	102,053,164
Potatoes, bush.	143,220,000
Sweet " ...	21,794,193
Wine, gall-ns....	3,092,0.0
Cheese, lbs	53,492,660
Butter, lbs....	814,0 7,4.0
Milk, gallons ...	26,569,030
Hay, tons.....	27,986,941
Hops, lbs.....	18,4.6,668
Sugar, cane.....	87,4..,0.0
Sugar, maple...	28,443,.00
Molasses, cane, gals.	60,000,000
Molasses, sorg'm	16,041,600

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS,

Holders of Five-Twenties, and Investors.

GOLD 7-30 LOAN.

A Profitable and Secure Investment.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company offers to the public an investment security which combines the ready negotiability, the convenience, and the high credit of a first-class Railroad Bond, with the solidity and safety of Real Estate Mortgage on Land worth at least twice the amount loaned.

Traffic. As officially reported, the gross earnings of the present Pacific Railroad (Union and Central) for 1871, the second year of through business (December earnings estimated), reach Seven Millions and a Quarter. Of this, 65 per cent is from Local business, and, it is stated, fully 55 per cent, or nearly Nine and a Half Millions, are net over operating expenses.

An equal traffic on the Northern Pacific Road will pay a dividend of more than 9½ per cent on its total cost. With its great and unquestioned advantages in distance, grades, climate, and tributary fertile country, the Northern Pacific is assured of a vast and profitable business from the outset, with a large increase for the future.

The Value of Land Grants. The average price at which the twenty-six leading Land-grant Railroads have thus far sold their lands is $7 50 per acre—the highest average of any grant being $13.98, and the lowest $3.07. With few exceptions, *the average selling price has steadily increased from year to year.* The lands of the Northern Pacific Road, are admitted, by all who have seen them, to be better and more salable, than those of most other grants, but, sold at the general average of $7.04 per acre, they will yield more than $161,000 per mile of road—more than three times the possible cost of construction and equipment; or, at the lowest average of any grant ($3.07, they will produce more than $70,000 per mile. These facts regarding Pacific Railroad earnings, and the market value of Railroad lands, as shown by actual sales to settlers, show the threefold security of Northern Pacific Railroad Bonds

Construction. The road is now completed across Minnesota (255 miles); work is progressing westward through Dakato, and 65 miles are under construction on the Pacific coast. Including purchased lines, the Northern Pacific Company now has under its management 575 miles of finished track. Contracts are let for the construction of 635 miles more, to be finished before the close of 1872.

The 730 Gold Bonds. The first mortgage bonds of this company, *which, after full investigation we strongly recommend as a reliable and unusually profitable investment, and which now stand among the solid and favorite securities of the country*, have the following leading features:

1. They are exempt from United States tax; the Principal and Interest are payable in gold—the principal in 30 years and the interest semi-annually at the rate of 7 3-10 per cent. per annum. Denominations, from $100 to $10,000. Present selling price—par and accrued interest in currency.

2. The bonds are a first and only Mortgage on the Road, its Equipments and Earnings, and also on a Land Grant which on the completion of the Road will average 23,000 acres to each mile of track.

3. They are at all times receivable at 10 per cent premium (1.10), in payment or exchange for the Company's Land at market prices—a provision which practically gives the holder the power of foreclosure at will.

4. The proceeds of all sales of Land are required to be devoted by the Trustees of the bondholders (Messrs. Jay Cooke and J. Edgar Thomson), as a Sinking Fund to the purchase and cancellation of the first mortgage bonds, or temporarily to the payment of interest thereon if necessary.

Exchanging 5-20s. In view of the ability and fixed policy of the Government to call in its 5-20s and substitute a low interest bond—$104,000,000 having been called in for cancellation since September 1st—many holders of 5-20s are exchanging them for Northern Pacific, thus adding to their principal the present premium on Government Bonds, and increasing their yearly interest income nearly one-third.

All marketable stocks and bonds will be received at current prices in for Northern Pecific Seven-Thirties without expense to the investor.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
Philadelphia, New York & Washington,
Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad.
For sale by Banks and Bankers generally. jan6-2t

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of ELLEN ROONEY, late of Chelsea town, in said county, widow, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said court to grant a let er of administrati n, on the estate of said deceased, to Ellen L. Doyle, of Boston, in the county of Suffolk married woman.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambri ge, in said county of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, 1872, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this c tation once a week for three successive weeks in a newspaper called the Prescriptuetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge of said Court, this third day of January, in the year one thousan l eight hundred and seventy-two.

J. E. TYLER, Register. jan6-3

New Advertisements. New Advertisements. New Advertisements.

GRAY'S IMPROVED PATENT

HORSE POWERS,

FOR ONE OR TWO HORSES.

—AND—

MACHINE FOR SAWING WOOD,

WITH CIRCULAR AND CROSS-CUT DRAG SAWS.

—ALSO—

MACHINES FOR THRESHING AND CLEANING GRAIN.

PATENTED, MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY

A. W. GRAY & SONS,

MIDDLETOWN, VT.

The recent improvements in these Machines make them much superior to any now in use. The Machines are so constructed, running upon friction rollers upon cast steel rods, that the friction of the Machines is a most entirely removed, applying the whole power of the horse to the work to be accomplished

The gearing of these Machine being mostly of wrought iron, renders them lighter, more durable, and less liable to break than if manufactured of cast iron.

The weight of the Machines is about one half the weight of other Machines of this class in use, which renders them portable, more easily moved from place to place than the heavy ponderous, unwieldy machines manufactured at other places, and also more durable None of the Machines manufactured after the latest improvement have failed to give satisfaction; and where known and used, public opinion is unanimous in saying that where these Horse Powers are used and known, no others can be sold. Our Horse Powers are also very extensively used for running machinery in Wagon Shops, Bakeries, for Grinding Apples for Cider, Churning, Pumping Water from Rivers, Cutting Feed for Cattle, and Running Portable Grist Mills, &c., &c.

From the numerous Testimonials the following are selected:

OSWELL, Vt.

A. W. Gray & Sons—Gentlemen:—With two of my neighbors, in March, 1870, I bought one of your Horse Powers, Circular Saw and Thresher, which has thus far more than answered our expectations in every respect. With them we have sawed our fire-wood and threshed the grain raised on three farms, and until this season have not been to a shilling's expense for repairs, except those arising from carelessness. It is generally admitted in this town that your one horse machine performs as much in a given length of time as the best two horse machine of other kinds. Your machines are strong, durable, easily handled, quickly set up ready for work, and perform their work all right. Farmers, try them and you will buy them.

O. S. BRANCH.

HARMONY, MCHENRY CO., ILL.

To A. W. Gray & Son.—Dear Sirs:—Too much cannot be said in praise of your Horse Power, Thresher &c. I have used on my farms your one horse power and thresher for five years past, and, to use a homely saying, never said, or paid out one dime for repairs. With it I can thresh and clean for market from twenty to thirty bushels of oats, and about one half that amount of wheat per hour, with one horse, one man to feed, one boy to pass bundles, and one to take away the straw and stack the grain. I can saw from eight to ten cords of wood, twice in two, in a day, I can grind or shell corn, or do any work requiring the strength of one man, or the strength of three horses working on ordinary sweep machines. I much prefer doing my own grain threshing with your machine, than allow the common eight and ten horse machines to do it for nothing. Can set it up in thirty minutes, or take it apart and move to another stack or barn in the same time. In point of power, convenience, durability, and economy, combined machine far excels anything in the Western count..y.

Respectfully yours, S. K. WILLIAMS.

ROYALTON, VT.

A. W. Gray & Sons—Sirs:—You wished me to write you how your machine worked, &c. I have to say they gave me most perfect satisfaction. The machine now in use, by all that have bought them, and by others that have seen them in use. It has no equal in speed and durability, also for handling, durability, also for the small space to work them on. One other thing is, they work with less elevation than other machines.

CHARLES CLAPP.

MONTPELIER, VT.

A. W. Gray & Sons Dear Sirs:—It is with a great deal of pleasure that we certify to anything which is creditable to your horse power for we like it very much. We have tried nine different powers, and find none so good as yours. For durability and ease in operation any machine we ever saw, and we would very cheerfully recommend it to any one as such. With one horse power we run two cracker machines, and have all the power we want. We think that we can speak from experience, for we have used no o her for nearly ten years, and have run it every day except Sundays.

Very respectfully yours, C. H. CROSS & SON.

EAST ALBURG, VT.

A. W. Gray & Sons:—I purchased of you in the Fall of 1870, a Horse Power, Thresher, Separator and Cleaner; also a Circular Saw and Frame fitted for the same power, all of which have been in operation since that time. All have given entire satisfaction, and so say all who have used it. It has been worked by several who have much experience with different threshing machines, we can saw two cr in two from twenty to twenty-five cords of cord wood in a day. It has in every way met, and in many cases exceeded, my expectations, and what is more, it has never cost one cent for repairs upon the same. Yours truly,

GILES HARRINGTON.

ADAMS' BASIN, N. Y.

A. W. Gray & Sons:—It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony with others to the superiority of your horse powers over all others now in use. After running a number of different machines for many years in this State, I came to the conclusion that your one horse power and Circular Saw were just the things I wanted. We have moved the power and saw two miles after breakfast the last of November, when the days were quite short, and sawed twelve cords of oak, and ten cords beach and maple wood twice in two, and took the machine home the same day. I consider this not an extra job, common day's work, one that can be done with your one horse power and circular saw almost any day in the year. The cower is small, takes up about twice the room of an ordinary grindstone, can be set up ready for work in ten minutes, requires but two men to handle it, yet it is sufficiently strong for all purposes. The *gearing* being made mostly of wrought instead of cast iron, is much lighter and more durable, and will last for many years. The power is easily moved from one barn floor, using it about one hour each week to cut wood for five years past, and has never had to use any stick, or paid out one dime for repairs. With it I can thresh and clean for market from twenty to thirty bushels of oats, and about one half that amount of wheat per hour, with one horse, one man to feed, one boy to pass bundles, and one to take away the straw and stack the grain. I can saw from eight to ten cords of wood, twice in two, in a day, I can grind or shell corn, or do any work requiring the strength of one man, or the strength of three horses working on ordinary sweep machines. I much prefer doing my own grain threshing with your machine, than allow the common eight and ten horse machines to do it for nothing. Can set it up in thirty minutes, or take it apart and move to another stack or barn in the same time. In point of power, convenience, durability, and economy, combined machine far excels anything in the Western count..y.

Respectfully yours, S. K. WILLIAMS.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

A. W. Gray & Son:—I have used one of your horse powers (one horse) for about four years, and during that time it has never been out of order in any way or shape, and it has been in constant use. I saw all the wood for a large family each year, which amounted to a thousand bushels of grain; also using the Thresher and Separator made by you, which gives perfect satisfaction. Winters I cut all the wood for about 20 families, five hundred sheep and six horses and other stock, also cutting enough for the family in the summer since a day. I have also tried several other kinds of machines with poor success, as they were always getting out of repair. People who have examined my Thresher and Separator are convinced that it does the work equally as well as two horse powers of other patterns.

Yours truly, J. P. EATON.

BURLINGTON, VT.

Messrs. A. W. Gray & Sons: Gents—We have used my one horse power for three years, and find it one of the most useful implements we have. It can't be worn out. We could not get along now without it, and have recommended it to many. Yours, &c.,

DREW & AINWATER.

ASHBY, MASS., Aug. 3d, 1870.

A. W. Gray & Sons:—This certifies that I have used one of your horse powers for the last ten years for my bakery, and it runs three hundred days in the year, and I consider it the best machine with my knowledge for durability and ease in which it does its work. The machine is light and runs easy, and a horse will work easier than on any other machine I have ever seen. Yours, with respect,

P. B. HAYWARD.

WARREN SHEPARD, of Crown Point, N. Y., states he made last threshing season, with the two Horse Machine he purchased of A. W. Gray & Sons, eight hundred dollars free from all expenses.

SAMUEL WALKER.

P. S.—In comparison with other machines it is acknowledged by everybody where we have worked, to be superior to any in this section.

S. W.

☞ This may certify that Mr. Wales has threshed our grain this season, and it gives us great pleasure to state that it is necessary to be done with the machine is run, and to the superior manner in which it does its work.

London, N. H. M. B. LAKE.

C. H. CHURCHILL OF BRANDON, VT., states he made with one of Gray & Sons' 2 Horse machines in less than ten weeks $6.3.

BURLINGTON, VT.

Messrs. A. W. Gray & Sons:—Gentlemen:—After using and thoroughly testing your Horse Power, Thresher and Cleanser, and Circular and Drag Saw, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the best power and machine manufactured, and we can cheerfully recommend them to the public as being lighter, more durable, and at the same time developing more power than any other horse power we have seen.

SHEDD & WALKER.

G. D BEERS, Shushan, N. Y., states that he has threshed and cleaned in thirty minutes, forty-six bush els of oats for E. Willis, and sawed eighteen cords of seasoned wood in eight hours twice in two. Also two hundred and twenty bushels in five hours, threshed and cleaned.

LUTHER SMITH of North Argyle, states he threshed and cleaned 29 bushels of oats in three hours; he also states he sawed three cords of wood in twenty-two minutes, with a two horse power.

T. C. RAND, South Londonderry, Vt., states that he sawed with one of Gray' two horse machines, one cord of hard wood twice in two in 13 minutes. Also states he sawed off two logs that were 2 feet in diameter in 5 minutes with drag saw machine.

S. W. CAMPBELL, of East Greenaboro', Vt., states he sawed with a two horse power and drag saw, in the shortest days last winter, 124 cords of maple wood in three and one- ourth days, and he also states that he also ground all his feed. Quantity to furnish a machine to do as well as he can with 6 horses.

S. F. CAMPBELL, of Greensboro', Vt., writes, May 12th, 1871, that the 20th of last September, he commenced to thresh for Henry Blake, in Hardwick Vt., with one horse machine, and finished at 6 P. M., and threshed 42 bushels of oats threshed and cleaned for market. Mr. Blake has been nineteen in his town for several years, and will answer to this fact. Also the same week closing Saturday at 3 o'clock, P. M., and calling it a full short, he sawed twelve cords of four foot wood on my machine six different times in as many different barns; calling it one, I threshed and cleaned 14.2 bushels.

A. W. JOHNSON, Andreavills, New York, writes us July 28, 18.1. He has used other powers for sawing wood for ten years but they are altogether a different power from Gray's. I call your power the easiest and best running power I ever saw; can saw from 5 to 10 cords of wood more every day with it than I could with other powers.

GRAFTON, N. H.

Messrs. A. W. Gray & Sons:—The machine I purchased of you works like a charm. It exceeds my most sanguine expectations. It does its work thoroughly and satisfactorily. We use not so much as a strap or buckle about the horses, but let them go in the machine loose and the ease with which they do the work surprises all who have never seen your machine work. It gives universal satisfaction.

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London, N. H. M

The Poet's Corner.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*From Tennyson's "In Memoriam."*

Ladies' Department.

IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

The things of which I write befell—let me see, some fifteen or eighteen years ago. I was not young then; I am not old now. Perhaps I was about thirty-two; but I do not know my age very exactly, and I reserve to certain to a year or two one way or the other.

My manner of life at that time was desultory and unsettled. I had a sorrow—no matter of what kind—and I took to ramb ing about Europe; not certainly in the hope of forgetting it, for I had no wish to forget, but because of the restlessness that made one pl ce after another triste and intolerable to me.

It was change of place, however, and not excitement, that I sought. I kept almost entirely aloof from great cities, spas, and beaten tracks, and preferred, for the most part, to explore districts where travellers and foreigners rarely penetrated.

Such a district at that time was the Upper Rhine. I was traversing it that particular summer for the first time, and on foot, and I had set myself to trace the course of the river from its source in the great Rhine glacier to its fall at Schaffnausen. Having done this, however, I was unwilling to part company with the noble river, so I decided to follow it yet a few miles further—perhaps as far as Mayence, but at all events as for as Basle.

And now began, if not the finest, certainly not the least charming part of my journey. Here it is true, were neither Alps nor glaciers, nor ruined castles perched on inaccessible crags, but my way lay through a smiling country studded with picturesque hamlets, and beside a bright river hurrying along over swirling rapids, and under the dark arches of antique covered bridges, and between hillsides garlanded with vines.

It was towards the middle of a long day's walk among such scenes as these, that I came to Rheinfelden, a small place on the left bank of the river, about fourteen miles above Basle.

As I came down the white road in the blinding sunshine, with the vines on either hand, I saw the town lying low on the opposite bank of the Rhine. It was an old walled town, enclosed on the land side, and open to the river, the houses going sheer down to the water's edge, with flights of slimp steps worn a nooth by the wash of the current, and overhanging eaves, and little built-out rooms with pent-house roofs, supported from below by jutting piles black with age, and tapestried with water weeds. The stunted towers of a couple of churches stood up from amid the brown and tawny roofs within the walls. Beyond the town, height above height, stretched a distance of wooded hills. The old covered bridge, divided by a bit of rocky island in the middle of the stream, led from bank to bank—from Germany to Switzerland. The town was in Switzerland; I, looking towards it from the road, stood on Baden territory; the river ran sparkling and foaming between.

I crossed, and found the place all alive in anticipation of a Kermess, or fair, that was to be held there the next day but one. The townsfolk were all out in the streets, or standing about their doors; and there were carpenters hard at work knocking up rows of wooden stands and stalls, the whole length of the principal thoroughfare. Shop-signs in open work of wrought iron hung over the doors. A runlet of sparkling water babbled down a stone channel in the middle of the street. At almost every house (to judge by the rows of tarnished watches hanging in the dingy parlor windows), there lived a watchmaker, and there was actually a fountain, a regular Swiss fountain spouting water from four ornamental pipes, and surmounted by the usual armed knight in old gray stone.

As I rambled on thus (looking for an inn, but seeing none,) I suddenly found that I had reached the end of the street, and with it the limits of the town on this side. Before me rose a lofty, picturesque old gate-tower, with a tiled roof, and a little window over the archway, and there was a peep of green grass and golden sunshine beyond. The town walls (sixty or seventy feet in height, and curiously roofed, with a sort of projecting shed on the inner side) curved away to right and left, unchanged since the Middle Ages. A rude wain, laden with clover, and drawn by mild-eyed, cream-colored oxen, stood close by in the shade.

I passed out through the gloom of the archway into the sunny space beyond. The moat outside the walls were bridged over and filled in—a green ravine of grasses and wild flowers. A stork had built her nest on the roof of the watch-tower. The cicalas shrilled in the grass. The shadows lay sleeping under the trees, and a family of cocks and hens went plodding inquisitively to and fro among the cabbages in the adjacent field. Just beyond the moat, with only this field between, stood a solitary church—a church with a wooden porch, and a quaint, bright-red steeple, and a churchyard like a rose garden, full of color and perfume, and scattered over with iron crosses wreathed with immortelles.

The churchyard gate and the church door stood open. I went in. All was clean, and simple, and very poor. The walls were whitewashed; the floor was laid with red bricks; the roof rafftered. A tiny confessional like a sentry-box stood in one corner; the font was covered with a lid like a wooden steeple; and over the altar, upon which stood a pair of battere! brass candlesticks and two vases of artificial flowers, hung a caricature of the Holy Family, in oils.

All here was so cool, so quiet, that I sat down for a few moments and rested. Presently an old peasant woman trudged up the church path with a basket of vegetables on her head. Having set this down in the porch, she came in, knelt before the altar, said her simple prayers, and went her way. Was it not time for me also to go my way? I looked at my watch. It was past four o'clock, and I had not yet found a lodging for the night.

I got up somewhat unwillingly; but, attracted by a tablet near the confessional, stood over to look at it before leaving the church. It was a small slab, and bore a very brief German inscription to this effect:

TO THE SACRED MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND PERE CHESSEZ,
For twenty years the beloved Pastor of this Parish.
Died April 16th, 1825; Aged 44.
HE LIVED A SAINT; HE DIED A MARTYR.

I read it over twice, wondering idly what story was wrapped up in the concluding line. Then, prompted by childish curiosity, I went up to examine the confessional.

It was, as I have said, about the size of a sentry-box, and was painted to imitate old dark oak. On the one side was a narrow door with a black handle, on the other a little opening like a ticket-taker's window, closed on the inside by a faded green curtain.

I know not what foolish fancy possessed me, but, almost without considering what I was doing, I turned the handle and opened the door. Opened it, peeped in, found the priest sitting in his place, started back as if I had been shot, and stammered an unintelligible apology.

"I—I—beg a thousand pardons," I exclaimed. "I had no idea—seeing the church empty——"

He was sitting with averted face, and clasped hands lying idly in his lap—a tall, gaunt man, dressed in a black soutane. When I paused, and not till then, he slowly, slowly, turned his head, and looked me in the face.

The light inside the confessional was so dim that I could not see his features very plainly. I only observed that his eyes were large and bright, and wild looking, like the eyes of some fierce animal, and that his face with the reflection of the green curtain upon it, looked lividly pale.

For a moment we remained thus, gazing at each other, as if fascinated. Then, finding that he made no reply, but only stared at me with those strange eyes, I stepped hastily back, shut the door without another word, and hurried out of the church.

I was very much disturbed by this little incident, more disturbed, in truth, than seemed reasonable, for my nerves for the moment were quite shaken. Never, I told myself, never while I lived could I forget that fixed attitude and stony face, or the glare of those terrible eyes. What was the man's history? Of what secret despair, of what life-long remorse, of what wild unsatisfied longings was he the victim? I felt I could not rest till I had learned something of his past life.

Full of these thoughts I went on quickly into the town, half running across the field, and never looking back. Once past the gateway, and inside the walls, I breathed more freely. The wain was still standing in the shade, but the oxen were gone now, and two men were busy forking out the clover into a little yard close by. Having inquired of one of these regarding an inn, and being directed to the Krone, "over against the Frauenkirche," I made my way to the upper part of the town, and there, at one corner of a forlorn, weed-grown market-place, I found my hostelry.

The landlord, a sedate, bald man in spectacles, who, as I presently discovered, was not only an inn-keeper, but a clock maker, came out from an inner room to receive me. His wife, a plump, pleasant body, took my orders for dinner. His pretty daughter showed me to my room. It was a large, low, whitewashed room, with two lattice windows, overlooking the market-place, two little beds, covered with puffy red eiderdowns at the farther end, and an army of clocks and ornamental timepieces arranged along every shelf, table, and chest of drawers in the room. Being left here to my meditations, I sat down and counted these companions of my solitude.

Taking little and big together, Dutch clocks, cuckoo clocks, chalet clocks, skeleton clocks, and pendules in ormulu, bronze, marble, ebony, and alabaster cases, there were exactly thirty-two. Twenty-eight were going merrily. As no two among them were of the same opinion as regarded the time, and as several struck the quarters as well as the hours, the consequence was that one or other gave tongue about every five minutes. Now, for a light and nervous sleeper such as I was at that time, here was a lively prospect for the night!

Going down stairs presently with the hope of getting my landlady to assign me a quieter room, I passed two eight day clocks on the landing, and a third at the foot of the stairs. The public room was equally well stocked. It literally bristled with clocks, one of which played a spasmodic version of Gentle Zitella, with variations, every quarter of an hour. Here I found a little table prepared by the open window, and a dish of trout and a flask of country wine awaiting me. The pretty daughter waited upon me. Her mother bustled to and fro with the dishes; and the landlord stood by, and beamed upon me through his spectacles.

"The trout were caught this morning, about two miles from here," he said, complacently.

"They are excellent," I replied, filling him out a glass of wine, and helping myself to another. "Your health, Herr Wirth."

"Thanks, mein Herr—yours."

Just at this moment two clocks struck at opposite ends of the room—one twelve and the other seven. I ventured to suggest that mine host was tolerably well reminded of the flight of time; whereupon he explained that his work lay chiefly in the repairing and regulating line, and that at that present moment he had no less than one hundred and eighteen clocks of various sorts and sizes on the premises.

"Perhaps the Herr Englander is a light sleeper," said his quick-witted wife, detecting my dismay. "If so, we can get him a bedroom elsewhere. Not perhaps in the town, for I know no place where he would be as comfortable as with ourselves, but just outside the Friedrich's Thor, not five minutes' walk from our door."

I accepted the offer gratefully.

"So long," I said, "as I insure cleanliness and quiet. I do not care how homely my lodgings may be."

"Ah, you'll have both, mein Herr, if you go where my wife is thinking of," said the landlord. "It is the house of our pastor—the Pere Chessez."

"The Pere Chessez?" I exclaimed. "What, the pastor of the little church out yonder?"

"The same, mein Herr."

"But—but surely the Pere Chessez is dead! I saw a tablet to his memory in the chancel."

"Nay, that was our pastor's elder brother," replied the landlord, looking grave. "He has been gone these thirty years and more. His was a tragical ending."

But I was thinking too much of the younger brother just then to feel any curiosity about the elder; and I told myself that I would put up with the companionship of any number of clocks, rather than sleep under the same roof with that terrible face and those unearthly eyes.

"I saw your pastor just now in the church," I said, with apparent indifference. "He is a singular looking man."

"He is too good for this world," said the landlady.

"He is a saint upon earth!" added the pretty Fraulein.

"He is one of the best of men," said, more soberly, the husband and father. "I only wish he was less of a saint. He fasts, and prays, and works beyond his strength. A little more beef and a little less devotion would be all the better for him."

"I should like to hear something more about the life of so good a man," said I, having by this time come to the end of my simple dinner. "Come, Herr Wirth, let us have a bottle of your very best, and then sit down and tell me your pastor's history!"

The landlord sent his daughter for a bottle of the "green seal," and, taking a chair, said:

"Ach Himmel! mein Herr, there is no history to tell. The good father has lived here all his life. He is one of us. His father, Johann Chessez, was a native of Rheinfelden, and kept this very inn. He was a wealthy farmer, and vine-grower as well. He had only those two sons—Nicholas, who took to the church, and became pastor of Feldkirche; and this one, Matthias, who was intended to inherit the business; but who also entered religion after the death of his elder brother, and is now pastor of the same parish."

"But why did he 'enter religion'?" I asked. "Was he in any way to blame for the accident (if it was an accident) that caused the death of his elder brother?"

"Ah, Heavens! no!" exclaimed the landlady, leaning on the back of her husband's chair. "It was the shock—the shock that told so terribly upon his poor nerves! He was but a lad at that time, and as sensitive as a girl—but the Herr Englander does not know the story. Go on, my husband."

So the landlord, after a sip of the "green seal," continued:

"At the time my wife alludes to, mein Herr, Johann Chessez was still living. Nicholas, the elder son, was in holy orders and established in the parish of Feldkirche, outside the walls; and Matthias, the younger, was a lad of about fourteen years old, and lived with his father. He was an amiable, good boy—pious and thoughtful—fonder of his books than of the business. The neighbor-folk used to say even then that Matthias was cut out for a priest, like his elder brother. As for Nicholas, he was neither more nor less than a saint. Well, mein Herr, at this time there lived on the other side of Rheinfelden, about a mile beyond the Basel Thor, a farmer named Caspar Rufenacht and his wife Margaret. Now Caspar Rufenacht was a jealous, quarrelsome fellow; and the Frau Margaret was pretty; and he led her a devil of a life. It was said that he used to beat her when he had been drinking, and that sometimes, when he went to fair or market, he would lock her up for the whole day, in a room at the top of the house. Well, this poor, ill-used Frau Margaret——"

"Tut, tut, my man," interrupted the landlady. "The Frau Margaret was a light one!"

"Peace, wife! Shall we speak hard words of the dead? The Frau Margaret was young, and pretty, and a flirt; and she had a bad husband who left her too much alone."

The landlady pursed up her lips, and shook her head, as the best of women will do when the character of another woman is under discussion. The innkeeper went on.

"Well, mein Herr, to cut a long story short, after having been jealous first of one then of the other, Caspar Rufenacht became furious about a certain German, a Badener, named Schmidt, living on the opposite bank of the Rhine. I remember the man quite well, a handsome, merry fellow, and no saint; just the sort to make mischief between man and wife. Well, Caspar Rufenacht swore a great oath that, cost what it might, he would come at the truth about his wife and Schmidt; so he laid all manner of plots to surprise them—waylaid the Frau Margaret in her walks, followed her at a distance when she went to church, came home at unexpected hours, and played the spy as if he had been brought up to the trade. But his spying was all in vain. Either the Frau Margaret was too clever for him, or there was really nothing to discover, but still he was not satisfied. So he cast about for some way to attain his end, and, by the help of the Evil One, he found it."

Here the innkeeper's wife and daughter, who had doubtless heard the story a hundred times over, drew near and listened breathlessly.

"What, think you," continued the landlord, "does this black-souled Caspar do? Does he punish the poor woman within an inch of her life, till she confesses? No. Does he charge Schmidt with having tempted her from her duty, and fight it out with him like a man? No. What else then? I will tell you. He waits till the vigil of St. Margaret—her saint's day—when he knows the poor sinful soul is going to confession; and he marches straight to the house of the Pere Chessez—the very house where our own Pere Chessez is now living—and he finds the good priest at his devotions in his little study, and he says to him: 'Father Chesses, my wife is coming to the church this afternoon to make her confession to you.' 'She is,' replies the priest. 'I want you to tell me all she tells you,' says Caspar; 'and I will wait here till you come back from the church, that I may hear it. Will you do so?' 'Certainly not,' replied the Pere Chessez; 'you must surely know, Caspar, that we priests are forbidden to reveal the secrets of the confessional.' 'That is nothing to me,' says Caspar, with an oath. 'I am resolved to know whether my wife is guilty or innocent; and know it I will, by fair means or foul.' 'You shall never know it from me, Caspar,' says the Pere Chessez, very quietly. 'Then, by Heavens!' says Caspar, 'I'll learn it for myself.' And with that he pulls out a heavy horse-pistol from his pocket, and with the butt end of it deals the Pere Chessez a tremendous blow upon the head, and then another, and another, till the poor young man lay senseless at his feet. Then Caspar, thinking he had quite killed him, dressed himself in the priest's own soutane and hat, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and stealing round the back way into the church, shut himself up in the confessional."

"Then the priest died!" I exclaimed, remembering the epitaph upon the tablet.

"Ay, mein Herr—the Pere Chessez died; but not before he had told the story of his assassination, and identified his murderer."

"And Caspar Rufenacht, I hope, was hanged?"

"Wait a bit, mein Herr, we have not come to that yet. We left Caspar in the confessional, waiting for his wife."

"And she came?"

"Yes, poor soul! she came."

"And made her confession?"

"And made her confession, mein Herr."

"What did she confess?"

The inkeeper shook his head.

"That no one ever knew, save the good God and her murderer."

"Her murderer?" I exclaimed.

"Ay, just that. Whatever it was that she confessed, she paid for it with her life. He heard her out, at all events, without discovering himself, and let her go home believing that she had received absolution for her sins. Those who met her that afternoon said she seemed unusually bright and happy. As she passed through the town, she went into a shop in the Montgarten Strasse and bought some ribbons. About half an hour later, my own father met her outside the Basel Thor, walking briskly homewards. He was the last who saw her alive. That evening (it was in October, and the days were short), some travellers coming that way into the town heard shrill cries, as of a woman screaming, in the direction of Caspar's farm. But the night was very dark, and the house lay back a little way from the road; so they told themselves it was some drunken peasant quarrelling with his wife, and passed on. Next morning Caspar Rufenacht came to Rheinfelden, walked very quietly into the Polizei, and gave himself up to justice. 'I have killed my wife,' said he. 'I have killed the Pere Chessez. And I have committed sacrilege.' And so, indeed, it was. As for the Frau Margaret, they found her body in an upper chamber, well nigh hacked to pieces, and the hatchet with which the murder was committed lying beside her on the floor. He had pursued her, apparently, from room to room; for there were pools of blood and handfuls of long, light hair, and marks of bloody hands along the walls, all the way from the kitchen to the spot where she lay dead."

"And so he was hanged?" said I, coming back to my original question.

"Yes, yes, replied the innkeeper and his womankind in chorus. "He was hanged, of course he was hanged."

"And it was the shock of this double tragedy that drove the younger Chessez into the church?"

"Just so, mein Herr."

"Well, he carries it in his face. He looks like a most unhappy man."

"Nay, he is not that, mein Herr!" exclaimed the landlady. "He is melancholy, but not unhappy."

"Well, then, austere."

"Nor is he austere, except towards himself."

"True, wife," said the innkeeper; "but, as I said, he carries that sort of thing too far. You understand, mein Herr," he added, touching his forehead with his forefinger, "the good pastor has let his mind dwell too much upon the past. He is nervous, too nervous, and too low."

I saw it all now. That terrible light in his eyes was the light of insanity. That fixed stare in his face was the fixed, hopeless melancholy of a mind diseased.

"Does he know that he is mad?" I asked, as the landlord rose to go. He shrugged his shoulders and looked doubtful.

"I have not said that the Pere Chessez is *mad*, mein Herr," he replied. "He has strange fancies sometimes, but takes his fancies for facts, that is all. But I am quite sure that he does not believe himself to be less sane than his neighbors."

So the innkeeper left me, and I (my head full of the story I had just heard) put on my hat, went out into the market place, asked my way to the Basel Thor, and set off to explore the scene of the Frau Margaret's murder.

I found it without difficulty—a long, low fronted, beetle browed farm house, lying back a meadow's length from the road. There were children playing upon the threshold, a flock of turkeys gobbling about the barn door, and a big dog sleeping outside his kennel close by. The chimneys, too, were smoking merrily. Seeing these signs of life and cheerfulness, I abandoned all idea of asking to go over the house. I felt that I had no right to carry my morbid curiosity into this peaceful home; so I turned away, and retraced my steps towards Rheinfelden.

It was not yet seven, and the sun had still an hour's course to run. I re-entered the town, strolled back through the street, and presently came again to the Friedrich's Thor and the path leading to the church. An irresistible impulse seemed to drag me back to the place. Shudderingly, and with a sort of dread that was half longing, I pushed open the churchyard gate and went in. The doors were closed; a goat was browsing among the graves; and the rushing of the Rhine, some three hundred yards away, was distinctly audible in the silence. I looked round for the priest's house—the scene of the first murder; but from this side, at all events, no house was visible. Going round, however, to the back of the church, I saw a gate, a box bordered path, and, peeping through some trees, a chimney and the roof of a little brown tiled house.

This, then, was the path along which Caspar Rufenacht, with the priest's blood upon his hands, and the priest's gown upon his shoulders, had taken his guilty way to the confessional! How quiet it all looked in the golden evening light! How like the church path of an English parsonage!

I wished I could have seen something more of the house than that roof and that one chimney. There must, I told myself, be some other entrance—some way round by the road! Musing and lingering thus, I was startled by a quiet voice close against my shoulder, saying:

"A pleasant evening, mein Herr!"

I turned, and found the priest at my elbow. He had come noiselessly across the grass, and was standing between me and the sunset, like a shadow.

"I—beg your pardon," I stammered, moving away from the gate. "I was looking——"

I stopped in some surprise, and indeed with some sense of relief; for it was not the same priest that I had seen in the morning. No two, indeed, could well be more unlike; for this man was small, white haired, gentle-looking, with a soft, sad smile inexpressibly sweet and winning.

"You were looking at my arbutus?" he said.

I had scarcely observed the arbutus till now, but I bowed and said something to the effect that it was an unusually fine tree.

"Yes," he replied; "but I have a rhododendron round at the front that is still finer. Will you come in and see it?"

I said I should be pleased to do so; he led the way, and I followed.

"I hope you like this part of our Rhine country?" he said, as we took the path through the shrubbery.

"I like it so well," I replied, "that if I were to live anywhere on the banks of the Rhine, I should certainly choose some spot on the Upper Rhine between Schaffhausen and Basle."

"And you would be right," he said. "Nowhere is the river so beautiful. Nearer the glaciers it is milky and turbid—beyond Basle it soon becomes muddy. Here we have it blue as the sky—sparkling as champagne. Here is my rhododendron. It stands twelve feet high, and measures as many in diameter. I had more than two hundred blooms upon it last spring."

When I had duly admired this giant shrub he took me to a little arbor on a bit of steep green bank overlooking the river, where he invited me to sit down and rest. From hence I could see the porch and part of the front of his little house; but it was all so closely planted round with trees and shrubs, that no clear view of it seemed obtainable in any direction. Here we sat for some time chatting about the weather, the approaching vintage, and so forth, and watching the sunset. Then I rose to take my leave.

"I heard of you this evening at the Krone mein Herr," he said. "You were out, or should have called upon you. I am glad the chance has made us acquainted. Do you remain over to-morrow?"

"No; I must go on to-morrow to Basle," I answered. And then, hesitating a little, added: "You heard of me, also, I fear, in the church."

"In the church?" he repeated.

"Seeing the door open, I went in—from curiosity—as a traveller; just to look round for a moment, and rest."

"Naturally."

"I—I had no idea, however, that I was not alone there. I would not for the world have intruded——"

"I do not understand," he said, seeing me hesitate. "The church stands open all day long. It is free to every one."

"Ah! I see he has not told you!"

The priest smiled, but looked puzzled.

"He? Whom do you mean?"

"The other priest, mon pere—your colleague. I regret to have broken in upon his meditations; but I had been so long in the church, and it was all so still and quiet, that it never occurred to me that there might be some one in the confessional.

The priest looked at me in a strange, startled way.

"In the confessional!" he repeated, with a catching of his breath. "You saw some one in the confessional?"

"I am ashamed to say that, having thoughtlessly opened the door——"

"You saw—what did you see?"

"A priest, mon pere."

"A priest! Can you describe him? Should you know him again? Was he pale, and tall, and gaunt, with long black hair?"

"The same, undoubtedly."

"And his eyes—did you observe anything particular about his eyes?"

"Yes, they were large, wild looking, dark eyes, with a look in them—a look I cannot describe."

"A look of terror!" cried the pastor, now greatly agitated. "A look of terror—of remorse—of despair!"

"Yes, it was a look that might mean all that," I replied, my astonishment increasing at every word. "You seem troubled. Who is he?"

But instead of answering my question, the pastor took off his hat, looked up with a radiant, awe-struck face, and said:

"All merciful God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee that I am not mad, and that Thou hast sent this stranger to te my assurance and my comfort!"

Having said these words, he bowed his head, and his lips moved in silent prayer. When he looked up again, his eyes were full of tears.

"My son," he said, laying his trembling hand upon my arm, "I owe you an explanation; but I cannot give it to you now. I must wait till I can speak more calmly—till to-morrow, when I must see you again. It involves a terrible story—a story peculiarly painful to myself—enough now if I tell you that I have seen the thing you describe—seen it many times; and yet, because it has been visible to my eyes alone, I have doubted the evidence of my senses. The good people here believe that much sorrow and meditation have tooueed my brain. I have half believed it myself till now. But you—you have proved to me that I am the victim to no illusion.

"But, in Heaven's name," I exclaimed, "what do you suppose I saw in the confessional?"

You saw the likeness of one who, guilty also of a double murder, committed the deadly sin of sacrilege in that very spot, more than thirty years ago," replied the Pere Chessez, solemnly.

"Caspar Rufenacht!"

"Ah! you have heard the story? Then I am spared the pain of telling it to you. That is well."

I bent my head in silence, and we walked together without another word to the wicket, and thence round to the churchyard gate. It was now twilight, and the first stars were out.

"Good night, my son," said the pastor, giving me his hand. "Peace be with you."

As he spoke the words, his grasp tightened—his eyes dilated—his whole countenance became rigid.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look where it goes!"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and there, with a freezing horror which I have no words to describe, I saw—distinctly saw through the deepening gloom—a tall, dark figure in a priest's soutane and broad brimmed hat, moving slowly across the path leading from the parsonage to the church. For a moment it seemed to pause—then passed on to the deeper shade and disappeared.

"You saw it?" said the pastor.

"Yes—plainly."

He drew a deep breath; crossed himself devoutly; and leaned upon the gate, as if exhausted.

"This is the third time I have seen it this year," he said. "Again I thank God for the certainty that I see a visible thing, and that His great gift of reason is mine unimpaired. But I would that He were graciously pleased to release me from the sight—the horror of it is sometimes more than I know how to bear. Good night."

With this, he again touched my hand; so, seeing that he wished to be alone, I silently left him. At the Friedrichs Thor I turned and looked back. He was still standing by the churchyard gate, just visible through the gloom of the fast deepening twilight.

* * * * *

I never saw the Pere Chessez again. Save his own old servant, I was the last who spoke with him in this world. He died that night—died in his bed, where he was found next morning with his hands crossed upon his breast, and with a placid smile upon his lips, as if he had fallen asleep in the act of prayer.

As the news spread from house to house, the whole town rang with lamentations. The church-bells tolled; the carpenters left their work in the streets; the children, dismissed from school, went home weeping.

'Twill be the saddest Kermess in Rheinfelden to-morrow, mein Herr!" said my good host of the Krone, as I shook hands with him at parting. "We have lost the best of pastors and of friends. He was a saint. If you had come but one day later, you would not have seen him!"

And with this he brushed his sleeve across his eyes, and turned away.

Every shutter was up, every blind down, every door closed, as I passed along the Fredrich's Strasse about mid-day, on my way to Basle; and the few townsfolk I met looked grave and downcast. Then I crossed the bridge, and, having shown my passport to the German sentry on the Baden side, I took one long, last farewell look at the little walled town as it lay sleeping in the sunshine by the river—knowing that I should see it no more.

JANUARY.

In old Roman mythology Janus was a royal doorkeeper, an appropriate name for such a personage, inasmuch as the Latin word janua, from which Janus is derived, means a door. When Numa Pompilius whose reign closed about six hundred and seventy-two years B. C. (before Christ), took it into his head to make a new "time table" for the world, he upset things generally. The Ancient Jewish, Egyptian, and Greek Calendars began the year on the 25th of March, and this system ran onward into the Christian centuries. But Numa Pompilius placed two new months before the previous ten, and called the first January in honor of Janus; and very appropriately, for as the old mythological deity was a door-opener, so January opens the year. This Janus, by the way, had two faces (and the two-faced people of these days show that the race is not extinct), one looking forward and one backward, into the future and into the past. Occasionally he was represented with four faces, and thus he had the double name Janus Bifrons (two-faced,) and Janus Quadrifrons (four-faced.)

The Romans worshipped Janus as the guardian of the year and seasons; of gates and doors; and the beginning of the day the people prayed to him, and at the beginning of the year sacrifices were offered to him on twelve altars, one for each month.

The first day of January has for many centuries been celebrated by feasting and rejoicings, and the custom of making presents dates back so far into the dim past that we cannot trace its origin. Early Latin authors mention it, and it is practised to great excess in the far-off years of English and French history. The fashion was, in those days, to give such articles as were rare, and we read of presents of "glove-money," or gloves, when gloves were expensive. About the beginning of the sixteenth century metallic pins were invented, doubtless to the great joy and convenience of the ladies, and these useful little articles were often given as New Year's presents, and money with which to purchase them, and so "pin-money" became a common gift. In process of time the phrase came to mean any money to be expended for trifles.

THE WANDERER'S POEM.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"And lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

What song is well sung not of sorrow?
What triumph well won without pain?
What virtue shall be, and not borrow
Bright lustre from many a stain?
What birth has there been without travail?
What battle well won without blood?
What good shall earth see without evil?
In-garnered as chaff with the good?
Lo! the Cross set in rocks by the Roman,
And nourished by blood of the Lamb,
And watered by tears of the woman,
Has flourished, has spread like a palm,
And put forth in the frosts, and far regions
Of snows in the North, and South sands,
Where never the tramp of his legions
Was heard, or reached forth his red hands.

Be thankful: the price and the payment,
The birth, the privations and scorn,
And the cross, and the parting of raiment,
Are finished. The star brought us morn:
Look starward; stand far and unearthly,
Free souled as a banner unfuried.
Be worthy, O, brother, be worthy!
For a God was the price of the world.

Written for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE GRAVE.

How terrible does it seem to us! How awful is the thought that some day the cherished idols of our friendship must be laid away in the cold dark grave; that our own bodies now full of life and vigor must be buried in the dust. And how is this sadness augmented on a bleak and sunless day! With the grave before our minds, can any of us say with the apostle, "I am ready to be offered?" May not the heart of the most sincere Christian sometimes revolt at the thought of laying all that is near and dear under the cold and grassy sod? We think it may. But some Christians say "if we are prepared to die we shall not fear death." "A person on the bed of death would not be likely to think of the place of burial." Very true, but just now we are not thinking of the peace of the soul but of the rest of the body. And may not *this* even claim a little attention while we exist here below? It is not as important as the soul, we know, but nevertheless it is the casket which *contains* the soul, and can we avoid thinking of it sometimes?

Were we to take another view of this *terra firma*, the physical grave perhaps might not seem so repulsive. When we consider that the earth is a great purifier; that water is filtered so as to become pure by passing through its beds; that it is the sole cause of vegetation; that it is a great extractor of poison; that upon it grow all the beautiful flowers which were so skillfully used by Solomon, the greatest of all poets, in illustrating his sublime truths, and to which our Saviour himself is often compared; and herbs which afford such soothing drinks for the sick and suffering; and delicious fruits, the study of whose development is so beautifully interesting, and which afford a most striking proof of the existence of a Creator; and that most of our luxurious and health-giving food is prepared for the table in articles made from clay which is dug up from the earth; when we reflect that nearly all our physical wants are furnished to us from the ground itself, from the very bosom of Mother Earth, can we so strongly object to placing our own physical nature there too, when it is good for nothing else?

And when we look out upon the earth to-day, carpeted as she is with the beautiful snow, does the gloom lessen or increase? Would that each of us could present to our Maker a soul as pure and spotless as is the snow which covers the grave in which we soon must lie! Would that each separate item of the soul, each action, word, and thought were as perfect in the eyes of Him "who trieth the hearts" as is each little flake in symmetry and form.

MARIA A. ELMORE.

SILENT LOVE.

History tells the sad tale of a young French girl whose mournful life passed as a dream, from which she never seemed to waken. I remember reading it when I was little more than a child, and can even now vividly recall the impression the story made upon me. Let me briefly tell it:

Judith de Goutaut had nothing in her character or manners of the frivolity and gayety which are generally considered to be characteristic of her people. From her infancy she seemed to live in the inner life which may be guessed at, but never known by those around our daily steps. She was a calm, grave child, free from the passions of childhood as from its merriment, and spending solitary hours in silent contemplation of a picture which she had discovered in some obscure corner of the gloomy hotel in Paris, where her early years were spent. It was the portrait of a man in noble presence, of one whose expression showed him to be powerful for good or evil, and whose daring glance seemed to speak his knowledge of that power. The child was one day found in deep thought, absorbed in contemplation of this picture by her nurse. From her the young Judith learned that the image which had strangely and silently possessed itself of the unspoken thoughts and feelings of her young mind, was a portrait of a cousin, on whose conduct, as a faithful servant of the King of France, a heavy cloud rested.

He has fought for his country with lion-like courage, and in the height of his fame, when those who loved him heard his name spoken with pride of heart of and eye, suddenly strange tidings came home from the far-distant land where his deeds had made famous, and whilst the word *renegade* was uttered by those who had hitherto listened proudly to the wondrous tales of a Frenchman's bravery in his country's cause, his family seemed the disgrace he had brought upon them too terrible to be dwelt upon, even in the privacy of home. His name was unspoken—he was to be as one who had died in a distant land, died disgraced—his portrait was cast aside where it was thought that no eye should again rest upon it.

But from this portrait's mute eloquence had the young Judith's heart learnt its life-long lesson of silent love; and when time and strange changes in her daring cousin's career had restored him to the favor of his sovereign, and replace him in his French home, and Judith found hertelf selected as his wife by the parents and friends, who decide such matters in France with little reference to those whose happiness is involved in the marriage, the young girl calmiy accepted the fate that had been fixed for her. She did not accept it as something sudden and unlooked for, as such a marriage might well have appeared to one during whose whole life this cousin's name had been unspoken, save in whispers between herself and her nurse; but to Judith such a marriage seemed the natural result of the intercourse that she had silently held during so many years with the banished portrait in the dark corner of her father's mansion.

Then came the marriage, entered into by the Comte de Bonneval with an indifference to his young bride that would have withered the flower of love in many a devoted breast; but Judith seemed to look for as little return from the living man as from the silent portrait. Absorbed in her own devotion, proud to bear his name, looking on her marriage as the fulfilment of a destiny prepared for her from infancy, and for which her silent musings in the distant chamber had well prepared her, she murmured not at neglect which she could not but observe, and whilst she was proud and dignified to all others, she meekly and gratefully in her devoted heart accepted what little attention he chanced to pay her and that heart swelled with conscious joy under one glance or word from him.

Such feelings, such conduct as Judith de Gautaut's may seem undignified; yet none who read her tale can accuse her of any want of woman's proper pride. It is only that her life is a dream, and Claude de Bonneval is its haunting spirit; as much so in her grave childhood as in the few short weeks during which she had his living presence—first as her betrothed, and then as her husband.

Ten short days had elapsed after his marriage, and the Comte de Bonneval quitted his wife to return to the soldier's life for which his daring, restless spirit yearned. They never met again—but history has preserved the touching letters which were addressed by that young deserted wife to the idol whom she had made unto herself; and in these letters one sees the feminine yearning for love and trust breaking through the [illegible] nation and the submission [illegible] she would have desired [illegible] of them together are more than a [illegible] separately."

—rare flash of joy in her sorrowful life. Then came long pauses, during which she received no tidings from her husband, and, still she worshiped on, and only learnt to endure more calmly. The story tells us how in the first year of his absence she ventured on a few words of patient murmuring at a silence of some weeks on his part, and how, in the second year, a silence of five months was born uncomplaining; unless one is to call the sad echo of her words of much enduring love complaint. And so time passed on, and at length she came to expect neither tidings nor his return. No reproach was in her heart, but whilst still devoted to her Ideal, she herself wrote more seldom, and she ceased to ask any return. Neglected, she still loved and with a silent resignation which had become second nature to her, she moved calmly on her way.

This was the surface—this was what the world saw, and what history tells. The world did not see the deserted wife in the lonely hours of night, and only those who have had their ideals shattered, and who yet *cannot* cast aside the fragments, but must spend their mourning lives in looking on the ruin, can guess at the sufferings of the Comtesse de Bonneval.

After years of silence, once more strange tidings reached his home. Renegade once and now Apostate, it seemed as if he must indeed be cast from his Christian wife's pure thoughts. She ceased to send her rare letters to him after the truth of these terrible tidings had been forced upon her. She never spoke of him again. The story says that she endeavored to forget him. I do not believe it. I believe that she died, as she had lived, in contemplation of the changeless portrait, and that when she knew his crime—his apostacy—her life became a life of ceaseless prayer.

TRUE STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

A King Charles spaniel belonging to a family in Gloucestershire, England, was very clever and docile. Every evening he would fetch his towel and brush, and stand patiently to be washed, combed, and brushed by his mistress. Generally he was accustomed to take his meals with the family, but if his mistress were going to dine from home, she would say to him, "Prince, you must go and dine at the rectory to day." The dog would set off for the rectory—a long, crooked, and puzzling road—and reach there in time for dinner. There he would wait until he had taken his supper, and return home as he came.

Once a Scotch shepherd was tending his sheep on the Grampian hills. His faithful dog and his little boy three years old were with him. The little fellow could not climb the steep hills, so his father left him on the plain gathering flowers and berries, while he went up on the jagged rocks to overlook his flocks. Suddenly a heavy fog came up. The shepherd hastened to seek his boy, but the mist was so thick he could not find him. In vain he called and whistled; neither the child nor dog made any answer. The poor man had got lost also, and at last, after wandering about for hours, he found himself near his own home. The neighbors listened to his story, and eagerly went with him in search of the child. Day after day they scoured the country in every direction, but the poor little fellow could not be found. Then the distracted